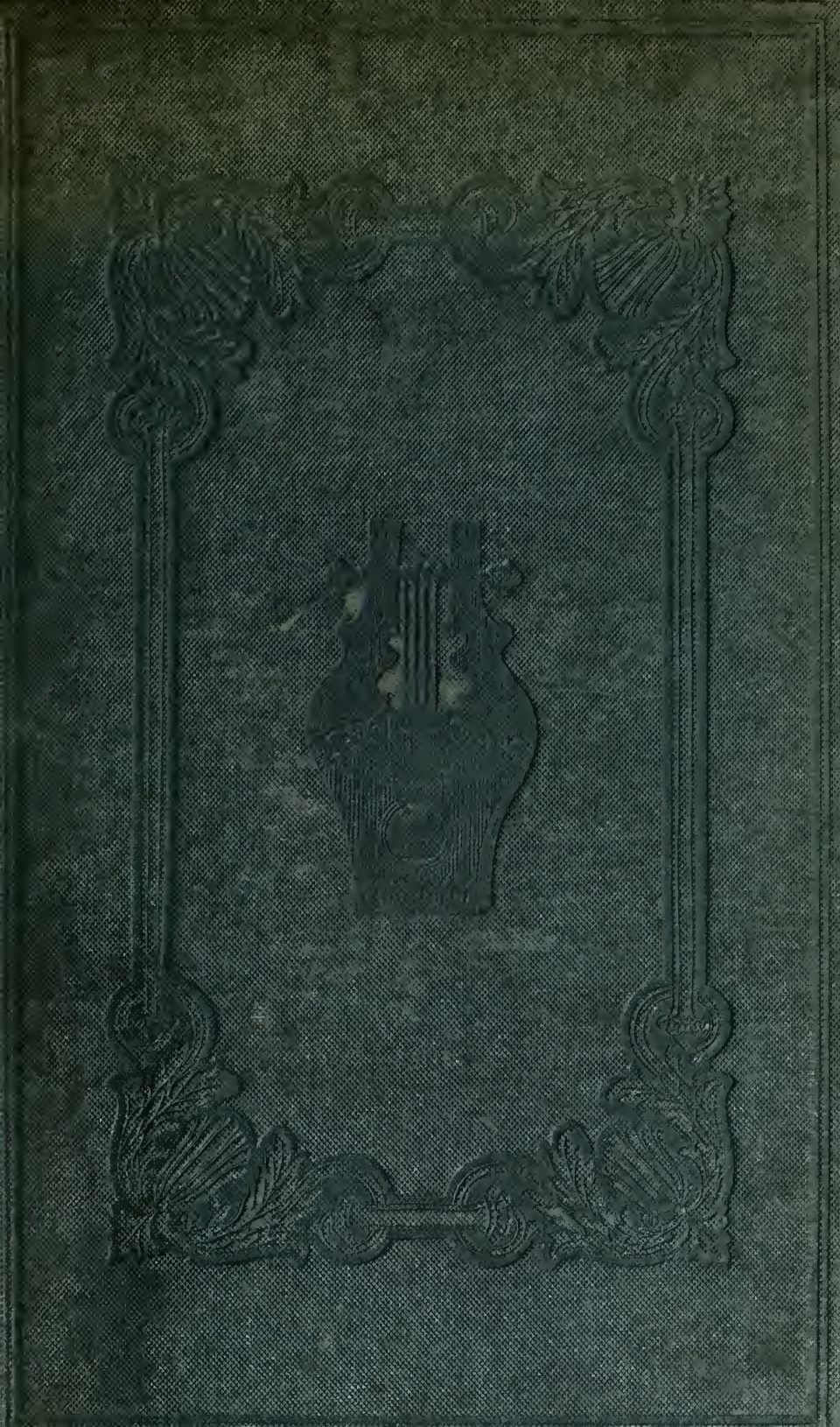






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LOS ANGELES

P O E M S.

P O E M S ;

BY

T. WESTWOOD,



" Happy to rove among poetie flowers,
Though poor in skill to rear them."

COWPER



L O N D O N :

H. HUGHES, ST. MARTIN'S LE GRAND.



1840.



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TO
MY BELOVED MOTHER,
THIS VOLUME OF
POEMS
IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED.

865171

PREFACE.

THE following Poems are sent into the world with very limited expectations. If they receive any share of public approval I shall certainly be gratified, but if they fail in this, I shall as certainly not be disappointed, as I am fully prepared for such a result. That I feel some regard for them myself I will not attempt to deny; it would be strange if an author were altogether devoid of attachment for his intellectual offspring, however humble their pretensions and inferior their grade. Nor do I see why such an attachment may not reasonably exist without of necessity allying itself to conceit. But it is not in their *literary* capacity that I esteem most highly these efforts of my muse. To me they are chiefly valuable as memorials of

the past ; of hours, that I now look back to as the happiest of my life—of scenes, that I may never again behold—of friends, that are no more. Few as are the years that have elapsed since I took my first flight in Poesy, many of those who would have rejoiced in my success, or grieved for my failure, have been taken hence — and who does not know that things, which are in themselves trifles, become of unspeakable importance when they are made mementos of the “ loved and lost.”

To the world at large, by whom this charm of association cannot of course be felt, I am aware that they can appeal only by their intrinsic merit, and hence it is that, conscious of their deficiencies, I have not ventured to indulge in very sanguine hopes. At the same time, I have no intention of deprecating criticism, or endeavouring to conciliate the good will of the reader, by any of the apologies or excuses (far be it from me to impugn their veracity) that have become so common of late. I have *not* written in “ ill health,” nor under the “ pressure of calamity,” nor “ after hours of unremitting application.” Whatever the faults of my work may be they are the faults, not of cir-

cumstances, but of the Author, and therefore on the Author alone must they be visited.

Were my skill as a writer of Poetry at all equal to my love of it, the volume would have assumed a widely different character, and I should have submitted it to its perilous ordeal under far happier auspices. As it is, I can only say of my own rhymes as the author of “Childe Harold” said of those which made him immortal—

“Would they were worthier!”

It may be as well to state that several of the Poems have already appeared in different periodicals.

Camberwell, March 20th, 1840.

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P O E M S.

THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN†.

“ The shadow of an overhanging doom
Is on the land—Woe, woe for those who move
So lightly thro their halls of revelry,
The loving, and the loved!—a foe is near
Whose unseen touch will wither each young cheek,
Dim those bright glances, hush these silvery tones,
And change the exulting voice of merriment
Into funereal wailing.”

MS POEM.

'Twas night, and Memphis shone with festival ;*
A glare as from unnumber'd torches hung
Over the splendid city. Darkness fled
Affrighted, from his ebon throne, and veil'd
His face from light, and all the queenly stars
Grew dim and pale upon night's fever'd brow.

* I think I am not losing sight of probability, in preluding the calamity by a scene of festivity and triumph. I have fictitiously accounted for it in the third section of the poem, but if the character of Pharaoh be considered, its extreme obduracy, and the supernatural manner in which it was acted upon by God, *fiction* will perhaps seem unnecessary.

There were rich sounds of music floating by
On every wandering wind—at times the low
And reedy murmur of the Egyptian flute,
And then the viol's breathings, and the harp's
Wild, spirit tones, while ever and anon,
Above them all arose the symbol's clang,
And the far-echoing trumpet's stirring peal.*

There is rejoicing in thy palaces,
Proud city of the Nile!—the mighty one,
Terrible Isis, at whose awful frown
The trembling world grows pale, hath deign'd to raise
The mystic veil, and by her priestess' lips,
Promise deliverance to her slaves, from all
The woes denounc'd by Israel's prophet chief.

There is rejoicing in thy marble halls,
Thou city of the Pharaohs.—Countless lamps

* This may be an anachronism. I have thought it probable, however that the harp, cymbal, and trumpet, instruments in frequent use among the Jews, might have been introduced by them into Egypt.

Shed their soft light o'er the voluptuous scene,
Where many a stately form, and jewelled brow,
Flash'd back a brighter lustre. On a throne,
Rich with the wealth of many an orient land,
Sat Egypt's kingly ruler ; triumph glow'd
Upon his dusky features, and his eye
Shot forth its wonted glance of tameless pride ;
But o'er his loud and riotous mirth at times
A change would pass, as if of sudden fear ;
A quick convulsive thrill, that seem'd to throw
O'er his dark cheek an ashy hue, which told
A spirit not his own, held mastery there.

The feast went on, the song arose, the jest
Pass'd lightly round the board, and many a warm
And passionate glance shot forth from those dark eyes
Which, by the light of day, scarce dared to peer
Through their soft lashes ; whisper'd words were there,
And amorous breathings ;—hands were link'd in hands,
And young hearts beat responsive. Love crept in,

And kindled stealthily his altar fires
In many a goodly temple, but the time
Of parting came, and one by one the throng
Of glittering revellers left that stately hall ;
The lamps grew faint and fainter, silence fell,
And dimly brooded o'er its regal pomp,
And soon the silvery moonbeams stealing in,
Gleam'd on its porphyry columns.

Midnight came,
And dreamless slumber o'er the land held sway ;
No human sound disturb'd the solemn calm,
But ever and anon was heard a low,
And ominous rustling as of spirit wings,
That hover'd o'er the city. They who watch'd
That night, caught glimpses of an awful form,
With strange, unearthly aspect, that look'd down
As if in wrath on the rebellious land.

Hark ! was not that a wail that seem'd to come

From yon proud mansion by the murmuring Nile?
Again, again 'tis heard more loud and shrill,
While all around a thousand echoes rise,
A thousand shrieks of terror and dismay.
And there are sounds of tumult—thro' the streets
Rush with wing'd feet a fear-struck multitude--
And torches flame again, and throw their light
On pale and ghastly faces, and a cry,
A wild, fierce cry, bursts from each quivering lip,
To Isis, the OMNIPOTENT, to save
From the avenging wrath of Israel's God.

Again, again, from every home arose,
From every dwelling in the stricken land,
One universal wail!* Pale mothers bent

* As the people went about the streets lamenting loudly when a death took place in their houses, some conception may be formed of the awful outcry which arose when every family in the land had a dear and lost member to lament. Besides this, it must be remembered that the first-born among their sacred animals died also, which must greatly have added to the intensity of their consternation. We are assured by Diodorus that when a sacred animal died in a house, the affliction was greater, and the lamentation louder, than at the death of a child. Well then may the cry have been such as had never before been heard in Egypt, and never would be again.

Over their lifeless babes, and strove to win
The parted spirit back, and watch'd in vain,
To see the glazed eye brighten, and the rose
Bloom on the dull, cold, marble cheek again.

There's lamentation in thy marble halls,
Great city of the Nile!—thy hope is flown.
Prostrate upon the earth, beside the couch
Of him who was his pride, lay Egypt's King!
They gather'd round him there, and strove to stem
With ready words, the current of his grief;
But he would know no comfort, and he turn'd
And gazed upon his blighted flower—and wept!
There was no triumph now, no haughty scorn,
No firm reliance on his country's gods—
Beside him lay his *dead*, and he could hear
His people's groans—he could not choose but weep,
For well he knew he was their murderer!

There's lamentation in thy darken'd homes,

Sad region of the Nile! The strong, the brave,
The young, the gentle, and the beautiful,
Youth's golden promise, manhood's ripen'd fruit,
Are wither'd by the icy touch of death!
A pall is on the land!—its light is quench'd—
The nation's strength is bow'd—its spirit crush'd.
Egypt is desolate!

CREATION'S HYMN OF PRAISE.*

GIVE praise to God! All things in earth and air,
In the deep waters, in the o'erarching skies;
All ye loud winds, the many-toned, prepare
To laud him with your wond'rous melodies!
And ye, swift-flowing rivers, glad and free,
That scatter plenty as ye roll along,
Still let your murmurs sound rejoicingly,
But let his praises form the burden of your song!

Praise! everlasting praise!—Ye wood-crown'd hills,
Ye pastures, where a thousand flocks are grazing;
Ye rushing cataracts, meandering rills,
And ye, hoar mountains, your jagged summits raising

* The reader will of course perceive that this Hymn is in a great degree paraphrastic. The Author trusts it will also be seen that the nature of the subject well-nigh precluded the possibility of avoiding this, even had it been desirable.

Into the wreathing clouds, old Appenine,
And tempest-crested Alp, and ye that rise
Majestic, beneath India's tropic skies,
Swell high the chorus of the hymn divine.

Hear it, ye birds, that 'mid the forest leaves
Sing thro' the livelong day, or upward soar
Aspiring, to the portals of the sky,
And ye, that warbling 'neath the cottage eaves,
Give music to each wind that wanders by,
Hear the seraphic melody, and pour
Your voices with the rest triumphantly,
And let your pinions bear the sound from sea to sea.

Praise! praise! unceasing praise! both night and day,
Praise to Jehovah! Yield it, thou great sun,
Giver of life, with every golden ray,
From roseate morning, till thy course is run.
Yield it, when earth, obedient to thy sway,
Reveals the wealth from thine effulgence won,

Puts forth her leaves, unfolds her rainbow flowers,
And sweetest fragrance breathes thro' the long summer
hours.

And thou, less wonderful, yet queenly fair,
Pale, argent moon, that in yon azure dome,
Darkly serene, of soft and dewy air,
Half-hid by fleecy clouds, art chastely beaming,
Utter his praise, who in thy glorious home,
Didst set thee, earth's great lamp, with downward
radiance streaming.

Planets, and multitudinous stars, that roll
In orbits still the same, and ye that stray,
Eccentric, and perturb the affrighted soul
Of awe-struck man with portents of dismay—
All ye resplendent orbs of lucid light,
Look forth in beauty from your rest afar,
And in the deep, hush'd stillness of the night,
Oh, magnify his name, whose ministers ye are!

Let not the anthem cease! oh, mighty main!

Dread, glorious, infinite, inscrutable;

Let thy loud, mountainous billows join the strain,

And with the according earth, sublimely tell

His wonders!—Or with calm, unheaving breast,

A glassy mirror, bright with sunny rays,

And tones, more soft than those of thine unrest,

Murmuring melodiously, still, still, proclaim his praise.

And thou, though last, yet first, immortal man,

Image of God himself! oh be not thou

Silent, while all Creation's glorious span,

Earth, sea, and air, their boundless thanks avow—

Be not thou silent! let thy voice arise,

High above all, till angels catch the sound,

And from their lyres, with kindred harmonies,

Echo it back to earth's remotest bound!

Be not thou silent! thou, to whom alone,

The gift of bright intelligence is given,

Oh swell the chant, that from earth's every zone,
Streams up, like fragrant incense unto Heaven !
Praise him ! the Omnipotent ! the Infinite !
All-wise, and just, and good—Ruler of all,
Of all Preserver ! Lord of life and light,
That from dim chaos first vouchsaf'd to call
This wondrous world, and thee, more wondrous still,
Whom, by the power of his creative skill,
With wisdom he endued, and godlike soul,
With strength, to lord it o'er each meaner thing,
And grasping thoughts, that spurn the earth's control,
And to far loftier heights, untiring spring,
Than sweeps the mountain wind, or soars the falcon's
wing !

For these, and all thy gifts, a countless train,
The choral symphony of praise prolong,
Till earth become one wide, majestic fane,
And all created things, a reverent throng

Of grateful worshippers.—Oh, then incline

Thine ear, Almighty Father, as the song

Still rises heavenward, and with grace benign,

Accept the offering! while with loud acclaim,

Cherub and seraph join to magnify thy name!

INVOCATION.

“ Hark ! they whisper, angels say---
Sister spirits ! come away ! ”

POPE.

Come ! we call thee from thy lonely dwelling,
Child of genius, thou shalt weep no more ;
Angel harmonies are round thee swelling—
Come ! they woo thee from earth's troubled shore.

Thou hast borne the cold world's cruel scorning,
With a sad, yet constant heart of love ;
Now a brighter, holier day is dawning,
And a happier home is thine above.

There, a more resplendent world shall greet thee,
Than hath glittered in thy radiant dreams ;
There, thy home's long-parted band shall meet thee
In its valleys, by its halcyon streams.

There, no fetter binds the bird's free pinion—

There no storms o'erblast the untroubled sky—

There, hath peace an undisturb'd dominion,

Crown'd with joys that fade not, neither die.

There, once more, a mother's voice shall bless thee

In the deep, low tones of deathless love ;

There, a sister's arms again caress thee,

And a father's words thy doubts remove.

All the true, the pure, the gentle-hearted,

Kindred spirits of one glorious band ;

All whom thou hast loved, the long-departed,

Wait thy coming in that far-off land.

Child of genius ! leave thy lonely dwelling,

In that land of peace thou'lt weep no more ;

Angel harmonies are round thee swelling—

Come ! they woo thee from earth's troubled shore !

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO A LADY WHO AFFECTED A DISLIKE FOR POETRY.

Oh lady ! scorn not Poesy,
It hath high thoughts and glorious dreams ;
Its place is in the dim wood's shade,
And by the rushing streams.
It lives in every bright green leaf
That glitters in the scented air,
In every blossom, every bud,
'Mid all things young and fair.

I see it in each golden cloud
That glides across the summer sky ;
I hear it in each breezy wind
With music floating by.

If I ascend the mountain's brow,
Or sail upon yon dark blue tide,
Still Poesy with wings of light,
Is ever by my side.

Oh, cold and dull must that man be,
And blank the visions of his mind,
Who hath not nurs'd with jealous care
Its image there enshrined.

Then lady scorn not Poesy,
Its home is with all gentle things,
And rich and priceless, is its dower
Of pure imaginings.

THE LONELY HEART.

Mourn not thou lonely heart, though cruel fate
Hath left thee friendless, joyless, desolate ;
Though one by one thy youth's bright hopes have died,
Though one by one hath fled each dream of pride ;
Let not the lamp of faith so dimly burn,
Pour not thy sorrows on a vacant urn.
The world hath scorn'd thee—rent are all its ties,
Mourn not ! thou gainest by the sacrifice.
The bird, escap'd from durance, springs on high,
With glad, free pinion, to the summer sky.
So thou, whose sympathies with earth are riven,
Turn with meek resignation unto heaven.
Thy friends are faithless—check the falling tear ;
Truth, honour, dwell not in this troubled sphere.
Turn, lonely mourner, turn from earth's dark sod,
To man's best, surest, kindest friend—to God.

THE VOICE OF WINTER,

SUGGESTED BY MRS. HEMAN'S "VOICE OF SPRING."

" Now comes the father of the tempests forth
Wrapp'd in black gloom." THOMPSON.

I come, I come from my hoar domains,
From snow-clad mountains, and icy plains ;
I come from the forests of gloomy pine,
From lands where the glittering ice-bergs shine,
Where the high Alps lift their heads to the sky,
Where the lammer-geyer and the eagle fly.

I have passed o'er the waves of the northern sea,
Where the whale careers in his pastime free,
And the waters froze in my stormy path,
And the Greenland bear for his prey rush'd forth,
And the wild wolves howl'd from their caves on high,
And the vulture scream'd in the darken'd sky.

Ye may trace my course o'er the raging main,
By the bark which strives with the storm in vain ;
By the rending mast, and the shatter'd sail,
By the shrieks which blend with the howling gale,
By the mangled form and the livid face,
My path of destruction ye may trace.

I have pass'd o'er Circassia's radiant clime,
And wither'd the boughs of the golden lime ;
I have blighted the pride of the amaranth flower,
And stripp'd the bloom from the orange bower ;
Now the panther prowls in the leafless brakes,
And the wild-fowl soars from the frozen lakes.

I have pass'd o'er temple and ruin'd shrine,
On the plains of the old Athenian clime ;
All things have bow'd to my stormy wrath,
Column and pillar have strew'd my path,
And the wreaths I have trampled beneath my tread,
That girt the tombs of the warrior dead.

I am the lord of the desert lands,
And the storms go forth at my dread commands ;--
I speak ! and the drifting snow descends,
And the forest-monarch lowly bends ;
I speak, and the rushing whirlwind's sweep
Lashes to fury the foaming deep.

Hence ! hence ! from my presence all things of mirth,
While I speed o'er the darken'd and desolate earth ;
Hence ! hence away to the festive board,
Where the cates are spread and the bright wine pour'd
Where the red fires blaze on the glowing hearth—
Hence ! hence ! from my presence all things of mirth !

MAN'S DESTINY.

MAN'S DESTINY.

"Now a thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ear received a little thereof. In thoughts, from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men."—JOB.

"And I looked and behold a pale horse, and his name that sat on him was Death."—REVELATIONS.

I slept, and lo ! an awful vision past,
In solemn shadowness before my sight :
I saw a mighty city, wide and vast,
Spread out before me in the realms of night,
And earth's inhabitants were busy there,
And swarm'd about the gates of many a palace fair.

Anon, methought I heard a trumpet blast,
Ring thro' the regions of the concave sky,
And then impetuous, a pale steed rush'd past,
Who bore a grim and gristly form on high.
Fierce was his look, and wild his gleaming hair,
And stern his outstretched arm with bony fingers bare.

And whereso'er he rode, that countless host
Of human forms was scatter'd in his way ;
Those, with whom grace and beauty were a boast,
And those o'er whom sad pain and age held sway ;
Still onward, as he urged his ruthless course,
Earth's sons and daughters fell before that dread pale
horse.

Some met their certain fate with wild despair,
And curs'd the mighty one who gave them life ;
And some strove patiently their doom to bear,
And some resisted with a futile strife ;
And some bow'd down submissive in the storm,
And some died smiling sweetly on the gloomy form.

And now methought that city, erst so fair,
Was lone and desolate ; the phantom shape
Had vanish'd, but those hosts were lying there
As in a charnel house, where none escape
Corruption's festering touch ; the young and old
Lay in one mouldering mass, all ghastly to behold.

Anon, I saw a black and murky cloud
From the far distant heaven's topmost height
Descending, wrap the earth as in a shroud,
And hide those loathsome objects from my sight,
And silence held o'er all things solemn sway,
And age on age seem'd passing as in sleep I lay.

But on a sudden, lo ! a glorious light
Shone round me, and the dark mist roll'd away,
And once again I saw that city bright,
But a far richer splendour on it lay ;
Its palaces were bath'd in glorious gleams,
And sweet the chiming music of its fountain streams.

And as I gazed upon this wondrous scene,
I heard a second trumpet peal around,
Far louder than the first loud blast had been,
And piercing as a silver clarion's sound;
When, sudden, in the twinkling of an eye,
Each buried form arose ^{from} its dark cemet'ry.

They were the same, yet changed; their flashing eyes
Beam'd with the fires of immortality;
And some wore looks as calm as summer skies,
And some seem'd mov'd by thoughts and feelings high,
And some seem'd tortur'd by an inward fear,
E'en as a traveller who dreads the tempest near.

Anon, I heard a voice "Thou mortal man
Behold yon emblem of thy wondrous fate!
Thus shalt thou yield to death, and thus again
Shalt rise, with immortality elate;
And even thus, thy race shall one day stand
Around their Maker's throne, one mighty spirit band.

I woke! the voice was hush'd, the vision gone ;
The day was peering from the darkness forth ;
And soon, the rising sun o'er all things shone,
Awakening the inhabitants of earth.
While as I mused upon God's power divine,
Each new awakening seem'd, a token and a sign.

THE PRAYER OF THE CAPTIVE.

" Oh pomp and pride are nought to me,
But my soul yearns for liberty." DALE.

Let me depart ! let me depart !
O'er my native hills to roam ;
Why would ye hold me so far away
From my own hearth and home ?
Oh, tell me not that the land is fair,
The captive's spirit must loathe the air
That shines upon his chain ;
He would far rather be wandering free,
Than the lord of yon proud earth and sea,
Dominlon and domain !

Let me depart! let me depart!—

There are voices in the air;

The sweet, soft tones of those I love

Are ever, ever there.

Oh, tell me not there are glorious things

In this land of proud imaginings,

What doth the captive care

For the mouldering wrecks of the olden time,

The boast of this bright southern clime.

Old Rome may rear its column stones

Still haughtily on high,

And point its lordly pinnacles

Unto the deep blue sky;

But what are these while endless snow,

Sits on the high Alps' noble brow,

Far, far above them all;

And what is the fountain's silvery flow

To the mountain stream hurl'd down below,

Or the dash of the waterfall?

Let me depart! let me depart!

Ye do not know how dear

Those wild and stormy places are

Unto my heart and ear.

Ye do not know the deathless ties,

The chain of endless sympathies,

That bind me heart and hand,

To each lone cliff, and rugged rock,

That battles with the thunder-shock,

In my own native land.

LIFE AND ETERNITY.



Life is the veil that hides eternity.—

Youth strives in vain to pierce it, but the eye
Of age may catch, thro' chinks which Time has worn,
Faint glimpses of that awful world beyond
Which Death at last reveals. Thus life may be
Compared to a tree's foliage ; in its prime,
A mass of dark, impenetrable shade,
It veils the distant view, but day by day,
As Autumn's breath is felt, the falling leaves,
Opening a passage for the doubtful light,
Exhibit to the gazer more and more
Of that which lies beyond, till Winter comes
And thro' the skeleton branches we behold
The clear blue vault of day.

THE SISTER'S FAREWELL.

“ She might not stay,
When the crown had fallen from her life away,
She might not linger—a weary thing,
A dove with no home for its broken wing,
Thrown on the harshness of alien skies,
That know not its own land’s melodies,”

LADY OF PROVENCE.

I must leave thee soon, dear brother,
I may not, cannot stay ;
The low sweet voices of the lov'd
Are calling me away.
Their shadowy forms around me flit,
With angel aspect bright ;—
They beckon thro' the gathering gloom
To a realm of fadeless light.

Thou seest them not, my brother,
 With their radiant gleaming hair,
And their smiling features where there rests
 No touch of earthly care.
Heaven's peace is mirror'd in the depths
 Of their untroubled eyes,
Their soft tones thrill my inmost soul
 With Heaven's own harmonies.

They call me, yet I fain would view
 Once more, the accustom'd scene ;
The waving woods, the old church spire,
 The happy village green—
Alas ! my sight is very dim,
 I scarce can see them now,
But I hear the merry children laugh
 Beneath the forest bough.

I hear the skylark singing too
 So joyously on high,

And the rose's and the violet's scent
Come floating sweetly by ;—
A year ago, I should have wept
To die at such a time,
When the sun is on the laughing earth,
In summer's golden prime.

But now this woman's heart is bow'd,
This woman's frame is weak ;
The light has left my glazing eye,
Health's mantling flush my cheek ;
All faded are the once bright hopes,
That life's young morning blest—
Each dream hath fled, each joy grown dim—
My spirit longs for rest.

Farewell, farewell, my brother !
I feel my fluttering breath
Grow fainter, and my brow is wet
With the damp, cold mists of death.

I see thee not, I only feel

Thine arms around me thrown—

Farewell! they call me to a land,

Where grief nor pain is known.

THE MINSTREL'S LAMENT.

A FRAGMENT.

Alas ! my harp, this feeble hand
No longer can thy tones command,
For age, and penury, and wrong,
Poor patrons of a child of song,
Have bowed the heart which once beat high
In praise of thee, sweet minstrelsy.
No more the roof-tree echoes loud
The welcomes of a joyous crowd ;
No more the hearth-fire blazes bright,
A refuge from the stormy night ;

Nor gold, nor gem is now bestow'd
To lighten want's increasing load.—
Woe, to the nobles of the land
Who scorn free heart and open hand,
Who bar their castle gates, once free
To all, of high or low degree,
And (all unlike those good old times)
Seek luxury in foreign climes.
In grief and loneliness I've mourn'd
 Full many an hour away,
That thus the spirit of the land
 Should lose its ancient sway ;
That men, who own a noble name
Should thus desert the lists of fame,
Till e'en their vassals blush for shame
 At such apostacy!
Vain my lament ! no minstrel's lay
Will ever rend their bonds away ;—
Vain my lament ! no warlike song
Will now give courage to the strong ;

No blade will leave its scabbard now,
No frown will clothe the warrior's brow,
No flashings of indignant ire
Will light the recreant's eye with fire ;
Quench'd is the flame—the spirit fled—
The soul of chivalry is dead !

SONNET.

Dreams of my happy childhood ! smiling train
Of young anticipations ! how I love
From the world's crowded commerce to remove,
And muse o'er all your sunny hopes again.
To rend away the veil which Time has drawn
Between the past and present, and to roam,
In fancy, o'er the cherish'd scenes of home
As free and buoyant as the bounding fawn.
In those dear moments, young Hope gilds my lot,
Youth's dewy freshness cheers my heart once more,
And the glad spirit of the days of yore
Throbs in each vein, till every ill's forgot ;
The warm true heart, the joy that knows no chain,
And all youth's guileless thoughts are mine again.

FRAGMENT.



Yes, she is fair, but in her heart of hearts,
 The serpent sin, with all its tortuous folds,
 Venom'd and fang'd, lies coil'd as in a brake ;
 Trust not her brow—though innocence doth seem
 To set its seal there ;—though each feature bears
 With truth and gentleness, believe it not !
 Within that seeming pure and guileless breast,
 Wild passions dwell, unholy thoughts are set,
 And riot holds its lawless carnival,

.

Fair forms consort not always with fair minds :
 The spirit of beauty may have shed its light
 On the rich temple ; to the radiant heaven,

Its pinnacles may rise, and seem to catch
Its brightness, and the son may love to rest
Upon its sculptur'd columns ; priceless gems
May flash their lustre on its porphyry walls,
And sparkle in its shrines, and yet within
Its inmost heart, corruption may have rear'd
Its ghastly throne—its sanctuaries may reek
With the foul orgies of a Bacchanal crew,
Or lowly round its flaming altars kneel
The votaries of Baal.

INTRODUCTION TO AN ALBUM.

An Album!—'tis a magic land,
Govern'd by a maiden hand;
It hath many a goodly scene,
Hill and dale, and woodland green;
It hath many a blooming flower,
Bright, as in a lady's bower,
Many a bird, with plumage sheen,
In its verdant groves is seen;
Many a tower and turret tall,
Palace proud, and lordly hall;
It hath many a form of grace,
Bounding step, and beaming face,
Ruby lip, and eye of love,
Such as angels have above.

Gentle lady, wouldst thou view
This scene, so lovely and so new,
Thou must offer gems more rare
Than are shining in thy hair ;
Thoughts and feelings, warm and true,
Wishes pure as morning dew,
Soft sweet words of winning power,
Such must be *thy* volitive dower.

Poet, with the pensive brow,
Wouldst thou roam where clear streams flow,
Wouldst thou gaze on charms more bright
Than the starry brow of night,
Thou must strike thy lyre and sing
Tales of sweet imagining ;
Lays of love and constancy,
Such *thy* offering must be.

Painter, wouldst thou make thine own,
Scenes, as fair as e'er were known :

Rocky pass, and winding glade,
Glittering fount, and bright cascade,
Thou must summon all thy skill
To work that fair maiden's will;
Graceful sketch, and fair design,
Thou must offer at her shrine.

Painter, poet, gentle dame,
Such the tributes she doth claim;—
Yield them! and her beauteous smile
Shall repay ye for your toil,
Yield them! and at her command,
Ye shall view this magic land.

WOMAN.

FROM ANACREON.

Horns to the ox ; hoofs to the lordly horse ;
Fins to the fish ; and to the timid hare,
Swift feet to speed her in her rapid course ;
Wings to the merry bird to cleave the air,
And fierce teeth to the lion ; unto man,
Valour and strength ; such were the gifts conferr'd
By nature's hand, when woman too began
To claim *her* share, whom, when the goddess heard,
She smiled approving, and with beauty's charms,
Weapons more potent far than lance and shield,
Arrayed her, heedless of all other arms,
For woman's glances more victorious are
Than fire and sword, or stern array of war.

SONNET.

I would I were a child of the wild wind,
 Borne ever onward on its breezy wings ;
Free'd from the thralldom of this troubled mind,
 And piercing the blue heaven, where gaily sings
The skylark in its glory ; earthly things
 Disdaining, in my glad triumphant flight :
Or when some mighty cloud its shadow flings
 O'er the sun's burning disk, or solemn night
Holds her lone empire, 'mid the whisperings
 Of sweet Eolian voices in the air,
And the "pale queene" of pure imaginings
 Peers from her silvery bower, serene and fair,
I would I were a child of the wild wind,
That I might leave this earth, and its dull things
 behind !

COME, OH COME !

By the flowers which deck the smiling earth,
By the scents which tell of the violet's birth,
By the dew that glistens in greenwood bowers,
By the glancing light of the summer showers,

Come, oh come !

By the mystic letters of ancient lore,
By the page we were wont to read of yore,
By the thrilling tales of those glad old times,
By the poet's love, by the minstrel's rhymes,

Come, oh come !

By the thoughts which in peaceful silence sleep,
By the voice of affection, calm yet deep,
By the joyous hopes of thine early day,
By the power of thy friendship's gentle sway,
Come, oh come!

Come, as thou ^{2,} comest in years gone by,
With the bounding step, and the beaming eye,
Come, thou untainted by grief or by guile,
With thy peaceful look, and thy cloudless smile,
Come, oh come!

THE SPANISH KNIGHT'S FAREWELL.

"Fare-the-well,
Gabrielle!
War-steeds prance
And cavaliers advance."

Hood.

Farewell, farewell, my ladye-love,
 Bid me no longer stay;
My country with a thousand tongues,
 Is calling me away.
Fierce is the invader's wrath, and bright
 The lightning of his brand;
His breath pollutes the free, pure air,
 His tread defiles the land.

Through Andalusia's peaceful vales,
By Xenil's silvery tide,
With prancing steeds, and bristling spears,
The banded foeman ride ;
Far o'er the startled Vega sounds
A slow advancing hum,
While still from quivering lips is heard
The cry-- "They come ! they come !"

But fear not, warning fires each night,
Have lit the awakening hills,
And high resolve, each loyal heart,
With answering ardour fills ;
Fear not ; our standards from each tower,
Stream forth triumphantly,
Our gathering hosts o'erspread the plains,
Our gathering fleets, the sea.

The vow hath pass'd from lip to lip,
To conquer, or to die,

Swifter than cleaves the falcon's wing
The clear blue summer sky.
Then speed me, with thy own sweet voice,
To the lists of war and fame ;—
To linger now would be to win
A scorn'd and branded name.

A branded name ! forbid it heaven—
The holy saints forbend !
That on a son of Carpio's line
Such dark curse should descend !—
Thy warrior goes, belov'd, to find
Upon our soil a grave,
Or plant his country's battle-flag
Where hostile banners wave.

And now, farewell to that white hand—
Farewell to that fair brow—
To those deep tones of love, so like
A singing fountain's flow.

Such dulcet sounds must soon give place
To those with conflict rife—
The war-cry, and the trumpet blast,
The clang of coming strife.

Farewell, farewell, my ladye-love,
Bid me no longer wait ;—
My sword is leaping in its sheath,
My steed neighs at the gate :
To horse ! to horse ! sound, clarions, sound !—
O'er mount, and stream, and plain—
Life to the noble and the free !
Death to the focs of Spain.

LINES SUGGESTED BY A PORTRAIT.

Beautiful being! on whose brow the sun
Seems to have shower'd its kisses, whose soft eyes
Gleam thro' their silken lashes, like the first
Spring violet thro' its curtain of youngleaves;
Whose cheek is Parian marble, pure and pale,
Yet with the crimson shadow of the rose,
Flushing its native whiteness—on whose lip,
A cherub seems to sit, with "wreathed smiles,"
Fresh with the fragrance of their native heaven,
I gaze on thee and marvel. Can it be

That thou art born to toil, to weep, to die,
To muse o'er fallen hopes, to feel the blight
Of crush'd affection, and the bitter pang
Of change in those belov'd; to feel the heart
Grow dull beneath the leaden touch of time,
And all the bright imaginings of youth,
Melt like the snow-flake in the sun away.
Yes! such may be thy destiny, for such
Is but the bitterness each lip must taste
That drains the cup of life. Disease may bow
That flower-like form, and grief, with iron hand,
May write its strange defeatures on thy brow,
And mar its beauty, and more sad than all,
Sin may find entrance into that fair shrine,
And rear its altar there;—unholy hopes,
And warring passions, and dark thoughts may meet
And wrestle in that young and beating heart,
Till peace become an exile. Oh, while yet
The unsullied freshness of thine early youth
Sheds its bright dew upon thee, while the glow

Of the soul's beauty beams upon thy face,—
Oh! raise it unto heaven! Implore His aid,
To shield thee in the conflict, and to save,
When they who plot man's downfall, and exult
O'er the lost spirit, weave their subtle spells
Around thee, and beset thy path with snares.

SONNET.

Their name exists no longer ; their renown
Hath past for ever ; the rude village clown
Jests o'er their fallen greatness ; not a stone
Remains of halls and mansions once their own ;
Where once was ladye's bower, and knightly selle,
The rank grass waves, the forest creatures dwell.
Yet they were proud and great in days of yore ;
No sterner war-cry rang on Paynim shore ;
No nobler band of vassals fill'd the train
Of martial Baron, or of lordly Thane ;
They reigned as princes in their native land ;
Their's was the generous heart, the open hand ;
Their's was a broad domain, a genial clime,
And rank, and pomp, and state—but what are these
to *Time* !

AWAY, MAIDEN, AWAY!

Away, maiden, away!

To the glancing woods where the sunbeams play;
Linger not thou in thy stately hall,
Where gloomy shadows at mid-day fall;
A lighter, and fairer canopy
Than the sculptur'd roof *is* the summer sky.

Away, maiden, away!

Tarry not thou in the bower to day!
There are mossy banks where the wild thyme blooms
That mock the treasures of Persia's looms,
And brighter and purer far I ween
Than the glitter of gems, is the dew drop's sheen.

Away, maiden, away!

The wandering breezes all chide thy stay;
The flower is shedding its sweets in vain,
And lost to thy ear is the bird's glad strain,
And the timid deer in its wild retreat,
Pines for the sound of thy fairy feet.

Away, Maiden, away!

Nature awaits thee in bright array;
She has woven a garland, whose every flower
Hath been kiss'd by the sunbeam, and washed by
the shower;
On her favourite's brow must its bloom be shed
Ere its fragrance be past, or its freshness fled,
Then away, maiden, away!

THE UNION OF PAINTING WITH POETRY.

WRITTEN IN A VOLUME, THE DRAWINGS OF WHICH WERE ALL ILLUSTRATED
BY POETRY.

“ Beauty to beauty wedded !—grace to grace !
If in the vastness of this wondrous world
Ye chance to light on such another pair,
Then pray the gods—for such another bridal !”

MALICE OUTWITTED, A COMEDY

A vision of the night ! methought I saw
The gorgeous heaven, in all its vast array ;
Each star, obedient to the eternal law,
Sparkled in beauty on the azure way :
I gazed with awe, when lo ! two gems of light,
Twin lustres, fairest of ethereal birth,
Did on a sudden leave their orbits bright,
And meeting midway, in my dazzled sight,

Become one matchless sphere, flooding the earth

With silvery radiance. All amazed, I woke,
And saw before me this fair volume lie—

I started, for its eloquent pages spoke
Of Painting's bridal with sweet Poesy,
(Two spirits, whose meet home is in the sky)

And sudden consciousness upon me broke

That these might be the planets of my dream.
I look'd again, and fair forms met my eye,

Art's wonderful creations ; many a scene
Of glowing beauty, such as might beseech

A fancied Eden ; palace and proud hall,
Rose by clear waters, and were mirror'd there,

And fountains, in green bowers, with glist'ning sheen
Scatter'd bright pearl drops round them in their fall ;

Clusters of bloom, from vase, and rich parterre,
Cast rainbow shadows on the sunny ground,

While pleasant fancy breath'd upon the air
All fragrant odours, and a whispering sound

As of tree-kissing breezes floated round.

Then came the enchantress, Poesy, and threw
Her spell o'er that fair world, till every glade,
Cavern, and glen, and grove, and garden, grew
Most musical, and all things teem'd with song.

The merry fays, disporting in the shade,
The white-limb'd water-nymphs, a dainty throng,
Each marble statue, shining thro' its veil
Of dewy leaves ; all flowers, the lily pale,
Primrose, and violet, and eglantine,
River, and cascade, wave, and wandering gale,
All join'd the chorus of that song divine.

To Painting's realm, a new delight was given,
Heart-thrilling magic, equal to its own,
Thought, with majestic wing o'erswept its heaven,
And voices rose in many a mingled tone,
From its deep sanctuaries ; sweet fancies hung
On every blossom, and each found a tongue.
The temples, whose grey ruins strew'd its vales,
Spoke forth their many memories, and its streams

Gave utterance as they flow'd to madrigals.

The hero, with his lays, relit the beams
Of a past glory, and the gallant breath'd

His love-vows in the blushing maiden's ear,
While sportive children prattled as they wreath'd
Their clustering locks with nature's simple gear.

Thus these two spirits, erst enshrin'd apart,

Shed mutual splendour o'er each lofty art :
Painting created beauty—Poesy

Pour'd from it language, a melodious stream,
And thus their bright commingled witchery
Fulfill'd the promise of my starry dream.

SONNET.



'Tis sweet to stand at the still, evening hour
Within some ruin'd abbey's time-worn walls,
When pensive thought each mental sense enthrals,
And by-gone memories have a voice of power.
To muse, 'mid that deep silence, o'er the doom
Of those that slumber in that solitude,
The proud, the meek, the guilty, and the good,
All mouldering in one undistinguish'd tomb;
Or when the shadows deepen, and on high,
The pale moon's rays thro' the tall arches gleam,
'Tis sweet to fancy each pure, silvery beam,
An angel, speeding from the far blue sky,
To warn against the world's unmeaning strife,
And all the worthless vanity of life.

PENSEES.

THE SUFFERINGS OF THE GOOD.

The good mourn not in vain, for every tear,
Shed in their hours of pain and suffering here,
Is crystallized into a shining gem,
To deck, when life is past, their heavenly diadem.

FAIRY GRATITUDE.

Dew-drops are fairy coin,—Dost see, my child,
Yon drooping hare-bell with its slender stem
Glittering so brightly? Yester-eve be sure
A fairy slept within its folded leaves,
And left, for payment of its night's repose,
Yon sparkling fret-work on the purple dome
That shelter'd it.

ETERNITY DEFINED,

Eternity—Time, risen from the tomb,
Heir, like ourselves to immortality.

A SIMILE.

The stars are like man's nobler attributes,
That lie conceal'd and dormant in the heart,
While life is bright with sunshine, but when care,
And pain, and danger, and temptation throw
Their shadows o'er its path, then like the bright
Eternal watchers of night's radiant skies,
They shine forth from the darkness, and become
The awe and admiration of the world.

PARALLELS.

Night, with its retinue of glittering stars—
Youth, with its bright array of sparkling hopes—
Day, the dispeller of night's baseless dreams—
Manhood, the time of stern realities.

The infinite sands upon the ocean shore—
The countless multitudes of human kind—
The ocean waves, that now cast forth those sands,
Now sweep them back into their viewless depths,
And the swift hours, that as they come and go,
At once bestow and take, create and kill.

THE TWO THRONES.

God sitteth on two thrones—the one on high,
Amid the splendours of the immaculate heaven,
The other, in the lowliest human heart.

HOPE AND TRUTH.

Hope is the Proteus vapour that doth flit
In thousand shapes across a summer sky,
But truth is as the stedfast heaven beyond,
That changeth not.

LIGHT THE REVELATION OF DEITY.

“Let there be light!”—At that divine command,

The Invisible, in all His attributes,
Wise, glorious, merciful, omnipotent,
Stood forth reveal'd. Those solemn words proclaim'd
Sublimely to the awakening universe,
“ Behold—earth, sea, and heaven, behold your God.”

THE RARE MIRROR.

Thou art a most rare mirror, pretty one,
Of the sun's radiance, for upon thy brow
Rests ever the reflection of his smile,
Even though his face be veil'd.

TIME.

Time is a ladder, and its years, the steps,
The multitudinous steps, by which we climb
Higher and higher to Eternity.

ANGELS' TEARS.

Dew-drops, the poets say, are angels' tears,
Shed thro' the long and silent hours of night
Over a fallen world.

SING, LADY, SING !

Sing, lady, sing !

Let the good green-wood with our voices ring ;
All things are chanting their gladness round,
The air is filled with exulting sound ;
Hark ! how each warbler the leaves among,
Welcomes bright summer with festal song ;
The lark, as he soars thro' the clouds on high,
Floods with wild music the sunny sky ;
The merle is trilling its merry lay,
The grasshopper chirpeth the live-long day,
And the wind is singing, a wanderer free,
And the stream 'neath its willows,—and why not we ?

Sing, lady, sing !

Awake, with thy voice and thy cittern's string,
The slumbering echo that ever dwells
In the wood's green caverns and leafy cells ;
Sing ! the free spirit of joyance lies
Laughingly mirror'd in those dark eyes ;
Sing ! are not sunshine and summer ours ?
Is not life a garden, o'erspread with flowers ?
Flowers, that have lost not their early bloom,
Flowers, that still yield us their rich perfume,
While love over all doth its brightness fling,
Clear and unclouded—then sing, oh sing !

DREAMS.

“ Dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and torture, and the touch of joy ;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils,
They do divide our being ; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And seem like heralds of eternity.

. They have power—
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain ;
They make us what we are not—what they will,
And shake us with the vision that's gone by,
The dread of vanish'd shadows.”

BYRON.

Whence are ye, mystic phantoms
Of the silent midnight hour,
That weave around the sleeping earth
Your spells of spirit power !

Whence is your boundless sovereignty,
Your visionary birth,
That chequer thus our hours of rest
With scenes of joy and mirth?

“ We are the viewless ministers
Of the unslumbering mind--
The murderer fears us on his couch
Of troubled rest reclined.
Our gloomy forms float threatening by
Before his aching sight,—
He wakes—and fears to sleep again—
His spirit owns our might!

“ We mock ambition’s votary
With dreams of pomp and pride;
We place the prize within his reach,
His waking fate denied;—
The sceptre glitters in his grasp,
His eye with joy is bright—

He wakes—it is an empty dream—

His spirit owns our might !

“ We bear the slumbering maiden

From her happy village home,

To gay and gorgeous scenes, o’er which

She long hath sigh’d to roam ;

And nobles bow to do her will

In halls of dazzling light—

She wakes—it is an empty dream—

Her spirit owns our might !

“ We weave our mystic spells of power

Around the frighten’d child,

We bear him from his mother’s side

To caverns dark and wild ;

The owlet hoots, the bat flies past—

He screams in sore affright, --

He wakes - there’s terror in his glance—

His spirit owns our might !

“ The poet journeys far away
 Beneath our shadowy wings,
To where the Persian love-rose blooms,
 To where the bulbul sings ;
Or wakes the echoes with his lyre,
 When midnight stars look down,
Or sits beside the rushing streams
 On plains of old renown.

“ We bear him to the mouldering tombs
 Where rest the holy dead ;
To the ancient abbey’s silent aisles
 That startle at his tread.
He muses on those scenes, with all
 A poet’s rapt delight,—
He wakes—the glorious dream is past—
 His spirit owns our might !

“ Oh wondrous is our twofold power
 Of sorrow and of mirth,

When we weave our mystic shadowy spells
 Around the sleeping earth ;—
Ye rule the gladsome world by day,
 But 'tis *we* who rule by night ;
Ye bow before our awful sway,
 Your spirits own our might !”

EPIGRAM FROM THE FRENCH OF PIRON.

Greece, so famed in history's pages,
 Founder of a thousand schools,
Ne'er produced but *seven sages*—
 Judge the number of its *fools* !

THE VICTOR'S DIRGE.

" So should a hero pass to his repose."

We bear him to his rest ;—
From his last battle-field, the victor one,
With veiled banner, and with drooping crest
Proudly we bear him on.

Proudly, though never more
To the free winds that banner will be given,
Nor his bold war-cry through the echoing heaven,
Ring, as it rang of yore.

Upon his noble brow
Darkly and solemnly death's shadow lies ;
Gone is the living lustre from those eyes,
All dim and rayless now.

Never again will blast
Of the shrill trumpet rouse him to the fight,
Never again his good sword's meteor light
Flash forth, as in the past.

Yet, though his race be run,
A lofty fate is his — a glorious crown
Of deathless memories and of high renown,
By stainless valour won.

Foremost in knightly fray,
Foremost to meet the invaders of the land,
Loyal and faithful, steadfast to withstand,
Stern tyranny's array.

Surely his name shall be
A watchword 'mong the nations when the slave
Casts off his fetters, and the true and brave
Are arm'd for liberty.

While like a star on high
Pouring its quenchless radiance on the night,
Our brother's fame shall shine—clear, cloudless, bright,
Never to sink or die!

And therefore to his rest
From his last battle-field, the victor one,
With veil'd banner, and with drooping crest,
Proudly we bear him on.

AN EXPOSTULATION TO SUMMER ON HER
PREMATURE DEPARTURE.

Summer, queen of beauty,
Wherefore didst thou leave us?
Greeting us with sunny smiles, but only to deceive us.

Scattering all things lovely,
O'er thy bright dominion,
Then with shade eclipsing all from thy departing pinion.

Thou hast left thy flowers,
To dull autumn's scorning,
That all tender things doth nip, with bitter winds each
morning.

See, the rose declineth
From its crimson hue,
And the pale convolvulus, hath lost its native blue.

All thy favourite blossoms,
On the earth are lying,
Ev'n the lily bends its head, low, as if 'twere dying.

And the vine's green clusters,
That thy care so needed,
Hang upon their wither'd stems, ungather'd, and
unheeded.

What hath won thee from us,
With thy glowing hours,
Is it not a pleasant home, this fair land of ours?

It hath grassy meadows,
Where thou well might'st wander,
And green dells, and shady woods, if of these thou'rt
fonder.

And clear-flowing waters,
To reflect thy beauty,
And merry birds to whom thy praise is an accustom'd
duty.

“ Wherefore didst thou leave us ?”
Sadly asks the maiden,
Listening to soft tones no more beneath the boughs
scent-laden.

“ Wherefore didst thou leave us ?”
Cries the child, half weeping—
Prison'd, while the heavy rains the cold earth are
steeping.

All things, queen of beauty,
Ask, why thou didst leave us,
Greeting us with sunny smiles, that did so deceive us.

THE CALL TO ARMS.

“ To the breach ! the enemy doth make assault.”

SHAKESPEARE.

Arm, arm ! their spears, on the mountain's height,
Are glittering in the sun ;
Their banner's unfurl'd to the morning light,
And their downward march begun.
Arm, arm ! their trumpet's echoing blast,
Floats fiercely on the wind,—
The glen is reach'd—the stream is past—
Fresh myriads throng behind—
Arm, arm ! or soon the swift invader's tread,
Will crush the living, desecrate the dead.

Ye sons of a long unsullied race,
Whom glorious memories crown,
Rise ! ere the darkness of shame efface
The light of your old renown.
Rise ! for the stormy fight array'd,
With the flash of sword and spear,
Rise ! ere red ruin's grasp is laid
On all ye hold most dear,
Ere fell destruction through our valley roams,
And death and torture revel in our homes.

They come ! they come ! and a deepening sound
Is borne on the rising breeze,
Like the rush of waves o'er a pebbly ground,
When a tempest wakes the seas.
Arm, brothers, arm !—to a noble cause,
Our vows this day are given ;
No thought of fear, no lingering pause,
No prayer—except to heaven,
But on ! nor crave a loftier destiny,—
To die for freedom, or to live—the free !

THEMES OF SADNESS.

TO

'Tis sad to see the rose's bloom
 Grow pale and wither in the blast ;
To watch each bright leaf fade and fall,
 Till all its pride is past,
Or see it bend in slow decay,
And mark its sweet scents pass away.

'Tis sad to see the shades of care
 Descend on youth's unsullied brow,
And quell the laughter-loving voice
 So bird-like in its flow.
To see the glad eye lose its light,
The sweet smile quench'd in grief's dull night.

'Tis sad to muse on alter'd hopes,
 'Tis sad to wake from glorious dreams,
'Tis sad to drift adown the wave
 Of fortune's troubled streams.
When stars are hid, and loud winds rave,
And clouds hang darkly o'er the wave.

But oh, 'tis sadder far to part
 From those our spirits love so well,
To feel that loneliness of heart,
 Which words are vain to tell ;
When hour by hour creeps joyless by,
And life is like a sunless sky.

To yearn for the familiar face,
To seek, yet find it not,
While memory wanders mournfully
O'er each love-haunted spot,
And things remember'd wake a sigh,
Whispering of happier hours gone by.

This sadness of the heart is mine,
This loneliness, estranged from thee ;
One ray alone lights up the gloom
That hangs around my destiny—
One hope, assuaging memory's pain—
The hope—that we may meet again.

LINES TO A FRIEND.*

And must we part, dear friend ? well, be it so !
Still I would pay some tribute ere I go,
Some slight memorial which may serve to tell
That thy affection is remember'd well ;
For this, I need no aid from those divine
And haughty sisters, the immortal Nine,
One thought will set me from their bondage free,
One dear, one grateful thought—the thought of *thee*.

* I attach a particular value to these lines. Not on account of any intrinsic merit I may suppose them to possess, but because, as a boyish attempt, they were spoken kindly and approvingly of, by one whose memory will always be associated in my mind with every feeling of veneration and gratitude—the late Charles Lamb.

Our friendship has been like a summer sky,
With no dark clouds to tell of tempest nigh ;
And if at times a mist has seem'd to rise,
And dim its brightness, still the shadow lies
Not on thy heart, but mine, whose way-ward will
Doth oft embitter joy with fear of ill.
Oh, if my hasty words or changeful mood,
The constant heritage of youthful blood,
Have e'er caused painful feelings to awake,
Forgive them,—wilt thou?—for the writer's sake.
Believe me, 'midst those scenes to which I go,
Each brook would seem far clearer in its flow,
More fair the landscape, more serene the air,
Wert thou but with me in such joys to share,
But still kind thoughts, which distance cannot sway,
Oft cheer the weary wanderer on his way,
And mine, unchanged, will ever fondly roam
Unto the loved ones in my far-off home.
And now, dear friend, farewell : I've sought to pay
My promised tribute in a simple way ;

If I have failed, why blame the poet's art,
Accuse his want of *skill*, but not of *heart*—
At least my pen hath sought with truth to tell
That heart's warm feelings—once again, farewell!

TIME.

Hark ! from yon old church tower,
Again the bell tolleth !
Onward thus, hour by hour,
Time ever rolleth.
Like to a silent sea,
Flowing unceasingly,
With a velocity
That nought controlleth.

Countless the barks that glide
O'er that dark ocean,

Borne on its hurrying tide,
 With viewless motion !
Each to eternity
Beareth man's destiny,
From all life's changes free,
 And life's emotion.

Still, though Time speed away
 By God's decreeing,
It doth but lead the way
 To brighter being ;
To more enduring joy,
That no dark fears destroy,
Cares, that on earth annoy,
 Far away fleeing.

* Let us then strive to cope
 With its endeavour,
Though it blight many a hope,
 Many a tie sever.

When the grave's sleep is o'er,
It will have reach'd the shore
Whence it shall ebb no more,
But rest for ever !

NATURE'S EVIDENCE.

" Oh! teach me who is God and where his glories shine,
That I may kneel and pray, and call thy Father mine ! "

" Go view immensity ! behold my God is there !
The sun, the moon, the stars, his majesty declare."

HUGH HUTTON.

" What seekest thou ? " I asked of one who bent

In solemn stillness o'er the letter'd page ;—
His flowing garments were with dust besprent,
His look told more of sorrow than of age ;
His long thin hair did o'er his temples stray,
And on his pallid brow, a deep, sad shadow lay.

Slowly he raised his dim and misty eye,
And gazed in mournful silence on my face ;

And then he waved his thin hand vacantly,
As if to drive some shadow from the place ;
He answer'd—and his voice's sorrowing tone
Was like the wailing wind when summer's pride is flown.

“ Stranger ! I seek in ancient lore to find
That knowledge I have sought so long in vain,
But doubt doth still obscure this troubled mind,
And distant yet the prize I toil to gain ;—
Stranger ! my soul is bow'd beneath the load
I bear, while still I strive to find thy people's God.

“ Thou weary pilgrim, cease thy lonely task !
The costly prize thou namest, lies not there ;
Go rather and of woods and waters ask,
And hold thy commune with the viewless air ;
Each wave, each tree, that in the sunshine plays,
Each wind, and leaf, and flower, will speak its Maker's
praise.

“ Go pierce the trackless forest’s twilight shade,
Where never foot of human being trod ;
Thou’lt hear a still, small voice in every glade
Proclaim the being and the love of God ;
’Twill tell thee that his spirit ever broods
Both o’er the homes of men and wildest solitudes.

“ Go view the river in its varied course,
Now rushing on its way with lightning speed,
Sweeping o’er all things with resistless force,
Now gliding calmly thro’ some fertile mead ;
Lo ! as it rolls along it bids thee stand,
And reverence, and admire, our God’s directing hand.

“ Go climb yon lofty mountain’s towering brow,
And see beneath thee the wide plains outspread,
The gloomy storm-clouds float in wrath below,
Inspiring earth’s inhabitants with dread ;
There kneel with awe and wonder in that hour,
And own the mighty sway of God’s high spirit power.

“ Seekest thou our Father ? cross yon raging sea,
Visit the distant regions of the world ;
The boundless workings of his hand thou’lt see
Where all creation’s glories are unfurl’d ;
In cities’ tumult, or the loneliest spot,
Where wilt thou find the place on earth where God is *not* ?

“ Go gaze around thee ! view the world arise
From winter’s dark, and cold, and stern embrace ;
It tells thee of a God that never dies,
It tells thee of his mercy and his grace ;
It tells thee man’s immortal soul shall rise,
And soar from death’s dull winter to its kindred skies.

“ Thou weary pilgrim, close the letter’d page—
God’s pure and holy nature shines not there ;
Let not man’s sophistry thy thoughts engage,
While air, and earth, and sea his name declare ;
Go, where all nature with one voice commands,
Go, find him in the works, and wonders of his hands.”

THE EXILE'S SORROW.

" Weep ye not for the dead, neither bewail him, but weep sore for him that goeth away, for he shall return no more nor see his native country."

JEREMIAH.

Mourn! for the exile, mourn!
From the lov'd home of childhood he is wending;
Sad are his glances, and his steps, how slow!
Fond memory, to each lingering thought is lending
A tone of stronger love, of deeper woe.
Mourn for the exile! he has left the dwelling,
The old grey mansion that his fathers rear'd,
And wildly in his labouring breast is swelling
A last, mute farewell to that roof rever'd.

Mourn ! for the exile, mourn !

Never again shall the bereav'd one listen

To the dear voices of his household band,

Well may the tears upon his pale cheek glisten—

Alone, he journeys to an alien land,

Alone ! no parent and no friend to guide him,

No mother, with her gentle voice to cheer ;

Too soon, alas ! will the dark sea divide him

From home, friends, kindred, all that bless'd him here.

Mourn ! for the exile, mourn !

Within his bosom dwells a rooted sorrow,

Chasing each dream of happiness away ;

His is a night of grief that knows no morrow,

A night, unbrighten'd by hope's gladdening ray.

Years may pass on, but his true heart will never

Cease its vain yearning for the well-known strand—

Stern fate may still oppose, but cannot sever

The ties that bind him to his native land.

SONNET.

I saw a mother, o'er her first-born bending,
Pressing soft kisses on his cherub brow,
While hope, and pride, and deep affection blending,
Lent to her tranquil countenance, a glow
Of holiest beauty. Not a trace was there
Of earthly blemish ; feeling, without stain,
Beam'd from her eyes, and the pure soul of prayer
Seem'd breathing in the gently murmur'd strain,
That trembled on her lip. It was a scene,
That angels, from their homes of ecstasy,
(Homes, where dark sin, the spoiler, ne'er hath been),
Approving, might have view'd, well pleas'd to see
That in a world of so much light bereft,
Some share of primal love, unsullied still was left,

DIRGE.

"Thou art gone home."

THE TWO VOICES

Fare-thee-well !

Happy friend—thy warfare o'er,
In this weary world no more
 Will thy true heart pine ;
Grief, and pain, and care have shed
Their last vials on thy head,
 And repose is thine,
Deep and dreamless, such as death alone,
Could bestow on thee, earth's exiled one.

Holy is the calm that now
Rests upon that meek young brow ;
Not a trace is there
Of the fierce consuming strife,
Whose dark presence made thy life
Like some flow'ret fair,
That hath bow'd beneath the tempest's sway,
Or the canker-worm hath made its prey.

Fare-thee-well ! we shed no tear,
Breathe no murmurs o'er thy bier,
All too bless'd art thou.
For a bright, untroubled home,
Where earth's shadows may not come,
Thou hast left us now ;
Only let our voices rise in prayer—
God, and Father ! may we meet her *there !*

THE OFFERING.

PRESENTED TO———

“ I lay it as the rose is laid,
On some immortal shrine.”

L. E. L.

What shall I offer thee, lady fair ?
Flowers for thy bosom, or gems for thy hair ?
Now is the rose in its richest bloom,
Borne on the winds is its sweet perfume ;
Now is the lily, with white brow bare,
Bending in grace to the glowing air ;
Beauteous the hues of their bright array,
Beauteous, but destined to swift decay

And all too sad were the loveliest wreath,
Woven with emblems of early death.

No flowers for thee !

Far, far away, where soft winds sweep
O'er the sunny isles of the Indian deep,
Where the orient myrrh-tree sheds its balm,
And maidens dance 'neath the spreading palm,
In mines, that sunbeam hath never kiss'd,
Are diamond, and emerald, and amethyst ;
But not upon thee may their radiance stream,
Have not thy tresses their own bright gleam ?
Not on thy brow may their lustre lie,
They would sully its spotless purity,

No gems for thee !

Then what shall I offer thee, lady fair ?
Scorn not the gift, 'tis a simple prayer,
That flowers and gems may be thine unsought,
The flowers of *hope*, and the gems of *thought* ;

The beautiful feelings of early youth,
Its warm affections, its holy truth,
All the sweet magic of life's first dream,
All gentle fancies, that most beseem
A guileless bosom—may *these* be thine,
Flowers, the most fragrant—gems, most divine,
These, are for thee !

MUSIC.

Music pervades all nature ; wind and wave,
And wood and waterfall, and bird and bee,
Sing thro' the livelong day. There's not a sound
In her wide empire, from the stormy roll
Of the loud thunder, to the tiny hum,
Made by the busy insect in its flight,
That doth not breathe of music. Ev'n the leaf,
Stirr'd by the touch of the harmonious breeze,
Doth not deny its tribute of sweet sound ;
All things, in earth and air, both great and small,
All things that God hath made, unite to swell
The chorus of the universal song.

LINES TO———

I tell thee I have heard,
Though sweet those sounds may be,
A voice, whose every whisper'd word
Was more than song to me!"

ANON.

I stood beside thy home
When night and solitude spread silence round,
And listen'd, if perchance mine ear might catch
One whisper of thy voice. The quiet stars
Look'd down upon my vigil, and the wind,
Weary with wandering, lull'd itself to rest
Amidst the clustering foliage of the elms

That droop'd above my head. I listen'd there
While gaily through thy open lattice poured
A strain of music, an exulting strain,
That like a bird's wild warbling, seem'd to wake
The laughing echoes with its joyous tones.
Thy hand, methought, over the ivory keys
Was gliding then, and with its syren touch,
Unsealing from their hidden founts within,
Those waves of ecstasy, but soon it ceased,
And all again was hush'd, till, soft and low,
Scarce audible, and yet most exquisite,
Another sound arose.—Oh ! tell me not
Of human art's surpassing harmonies,
Of the lute's murmur, of the cittern's swell—
Talk not of harp-notes floating from afar,
Or the wild breathings of Eolian lyres,
Swept by the winds alone,—there is no sound
In music's empire,—nor the hum of leaves,
Nor ocean, rippling o'er its golden sands,
Nor fountain's silvery chime—no single sound,

So fraught with power, so richly eloquent,
So fill'd with touching sweetness, as *the voice*
Of one beloved—and 'twas *that voice* I heard !
Oh ! pardon me, if while thine accents wove
Their witchery round me, from the world of dreams,
That mocking world, I call'd bright visions up,
Visions of joy, and hope, and happiness,
Baseless, and yet most beautiful, for *thou*
In all wert present, and o'er all supreme !
I will not cloud thy gentle brow with frowns,
By striving to recall those phantasies ;
Brief was their date, they faded with the spell
That charm'd them into being—suddenly,
Thy sweet voice died away, and I awoke
From their delusive splendour to a sense
Of utter solitude, made yet more sad
By that one moment's gladness !

THOUGHTS ON FLOWERS.

“ Eftsoones, that pleasante elfe, Fancie ycleped,
Did of all sommer flowres, a chaplette stringe.”

CHAUCER.

Flowers are the lov'd of all,
Of young and old, of peasant and of peer ;
E'en the stern tyrant of our race himself
Loveth their bloom and fragrance, and doth cull
Full many a garland from the homes of earth.
Less frequent on the wither'd form of age,
Than on the joyous heart, and cloudless brow,
His icy touch is laid—alas ! for them,
The young, the beautiful, the well-belov'd,
Flowers, fair, and sweet of scent, a radiant wreath,
To deck the cold and wintry brow of Death !

Are ye not emblems of ingratitude,
Ye flowers that thus desert the waning year?
While skies were clear, and summer suns shone bright,
Your name was Legion, but when wintry blasts,
Blow from the north, and the first snow-flakes fall,
Like treacherous friends, whose love abideth not
Adversity's ordeal, one by one,
From the fast fading earth, ye shrink away.

Look at yon lily, how without a blush,
It bares its snowy bosom to the sun,
And woos its kisses, while the modest rose,
Spectatress of its wanton sister's shame,
Hangs down its head, and with one mantling hue,
Glow in each delicate leaf.

The snowdrop is the herald of the flowers,
Sent with its small, white flag of truce to plead
For its beleaguer'd brethren,—suppliantly,
It prays stern Winter to withdraw its troop

Of winds, and blustering storms, and having won
A smile of promise from its pitying foe,
Returns to tell the issue of its errand
To the expectant host.

“Full many a flower is born to blush unseen.”

GREY,

Wild flowers, that in the wood's deep solitudes,
And on the far, untrodden mountain tops,
Blossom unseen, to Contemplation's ken,
Most favour'd do ye seem, though human eye
May never gaze upon your loveliness,
Nor human sense inhale your odorous breath.
Ye are as things apart, enshrin'd, devoted,
To a most pure, though lowly destiny ;
The glorious hues, which God hath given, ye keep,
Nature's own vestals, stainless till ye die,
And the rich summer scents, your native dower,
Ascend in grateful incense unto heaven.
Wild flowers, thrice happy would it be if they,

Of human kind, who like yourselves are set
In the *world's* solitudes, could thus preserve
Their innocence unstain'd, thus offer up,
Love, hope, praise, all life's fragrance, unto heaven.

Here is the violet, the fragrant type
Of modesty, and here, the white vale-lily,
Purity's emblem,—this forget-me-not
Is truth's own token flower, and yonder daisy,
The lowly symbol of simplicity ;—
Blossoms of richer scent, and brighter hues,
Are blooming round me, but I heed them not ;
Of these shall be my coronal, for twined
Around thy brow, dear Helen, they will be
The outward signs of those sweet qualities,
That in thy guileless bosom, live enshrined.

Trust not to outward seeming ; health doth oft
Assume the mask of sickness, and thou knowest
That when its deepest blushes deck the rose,

The canker-worm is sometimes found within,
Eating its life away.

I saw a flower in a pathless wood,
Deep hidden in a mazy labyrinth
Of rank wild grass, briers, and prickly leaves ;
'Twas a strange donjon for so fair a thing,
Dreary, and dark, and rude, but as I gazed
On its transparent hues, and bending grace,
A golden sunbeam, stealing from a cloud,
Alit on the green summit of the wood,
And lover-like, heeding no obstacles,
Shot thro' the clustering foliage, and thick shade
Of interwoven boughs, through tangled brake,
Briar, and branching fern, and tarried not,
Till having reach'd its bourn, it smiling lay
On the white bosom of that lonely flower.
It was a pleasant sight to see how soon
The pretty prisoner rais'd its drooping head,
And gave back smile for smile, and opening wide

Its leaves that erst were folded, seem'd to woo
The shining guest still nearer to its heart—
It was a pleasant sight, and while I eyed
Their amorous dalliance, many a gentle thought,
Arose unsummon'd; Fancy too put forth
Her wanton spells, and lured me far away,
A willing wanderer. I scarce can tell,
Whither, so rapid was her sunny flight,
The merry elfin led, but once, methinks,
Twining the flow'ret in her rainbow wreath,
She bore it, follow'd by the golden beam,
To by-gone ages, and to distant climes,
And called it—Danaë.

S O N G S.



(1)

“ONE HOUR WITH THEE.”*

One hour with thee, my lady fair !
One hour with thee !
When morning's freshness scents the air,
And flowers the sweetest be.
When the only sound
That's heard around
Is the merry sky-lark's song,
And the hum of the breeze,
That fans the trees
With its wings as it flits along.
Oh, then one hour with thee my fair !
Oh, then one hour with thee !

* This idea is borrowed from some stanzas by Sir Walter Scott.

One hour with thee, my lady fair !

One hour with thee !

At sunny noon, when earth doth wear

Her robe of royalty.

When the butterfly sips

With honey'd lips

The sweets from the garden bowers,

And the lily and rose

Their bloom disclose

With pride to the laughing hours.

Oh, then one hour with thee, my fair !

Oh ! then one hour with thee !

One hour with thee, my lady fair !

One hour with thee !

When twilight's deepening shades prepare

To curtain earth and sea.

When star by star

Looks forth afar,

From the deep blue heaven above,

And the moonbeams rest
On the lake's calm breast,
Like Joy in the arms of Love.
Oh, then one hour with thee, my fair !
Oh, then one hour with thee !

Each hour with thee, my lady fair !
Each hour with thee !

Oh, blissful then, beyond compare
My destiny would be.

Though love might lose
Its first bright hues,
And Fortune sometimes frown,
From manhood's prime,
'Till that sad time,
When life's last sun goes down,
I'd spend it all with thee, my fair !
I'd spend it all with thee !

(2)

“ FORGET ME, OH FORGET ME.

Forget me, oh forget me!—

Let not sad memory throw
Its blight upon thy happy thoughts,
Its shadow on thy brow ;
Those thoughts, like fresh, unfaded flowers,
Of loveliest hues should be ;—
The dying scents, and wither'd leaves,
And thorns, are not for thee.

Forget me, oh forget me!—

Give not one passing sigh
To him, whose love is now a dream
Of happier days gone by ;

Enough, that in his bosom dwells
Grief, time can ne'er subdue,
It would but add fresh pangs to know
That thou wert joyless too.

Forget me, oh forget me!—
When more enduring ties
Have bound thee,—when fair fortune smiles,
And brighter hopes arise;
Ay, when the ring hath press'd thy hand,
And the last words are spoken,
Of our ill-fated love efface
Each thought, each trace, each token!

(3)

“ HOW SHALL I WOO THEE ?”

How shall I woo thee ?
Shall I tell how much I love ?
Shall I vow to love for ever ?
Will fond prayers your pity move ?
Will you yield to Truth's endeavour ?
Will *that* subdue thee ?
Or must Hope still sigh in vain,
Still be crush'd by cold Disdain !

How shall I woo thee ?
Shall I strive to win love's smile,
By the aid of wit's invention ?
Will rich gifts your heart beguile,
Bend your pride to condescension ?
Will *they* subdue thee ?

No ! then Hope still sighs in vain,
Still is crush'd by cold Disdain !

How shall I woo thee ?

If you knew how changing years,
 Guiltless of all change have found me,
Then perchance these torturing fears
 And sad doubts might cease to wound me.

That might subdue thee ;

Hope might no more sigh in vain,
Nor be crush'd by cold Disdain !

How shall I woo thee ?

I have no o'ermastering spell,
 Apathy's cold chain to sever,
No strong charm—I can but tell
 That my peace is gone for ever,

 If *nought* subdue thee ;

Oh, bid Hope resume its reign,—
Let Love triumph o'er Disdain.

(4)

WISHES.

I would I were a tiny bud
To live amid the sunshine free ;
To hang o'er some bright river's flood,
To watch it rolling merrily.

I would I were a snow-white pearl,
Upon a lady's breast to lie,
To nestle in a ringlet curl,
To woo her when none else are nigh.

I would I were a careless bird,
To soar into the clear bright air ;
When sweet Eolian winds are heard,
To sing so freely, gladly there.

I would I were a gentle lamb,
To wander thro' yon fair domains ;
I would be aught, save what I *am*,
Aught, that might free me from my chains.

(5)

“ FAR AWAY, FAR AWAY.”

Far away, far away,
The pale moon is beaming,
On the deep blue brow of night,
With a soft and quivering light,
Thousand stars are gleaming.

Far away, far away,
One lone bird is singing ;
All the dim and shady grove,
Where no busy footsteps rove,
With its notes is ringing.

Far away, far away,
 On its ocean pillow,
Rests the gallant bark till morn,
That hath long been tempest borne,
 O'er the angry billow.

Far away, far away,
 My true love is wending ;—
Guide, ye stars, his course aright,—
Sweet be all the dews of night,
 On his brows descending.

(6)

THE TRYSTING HOUR.



The dusky twilight fast doth fade,
The sun hath sunk to rest,
In all his kingly pomp array'd
Upon the ocean's breast.
The bird roosts in its leafy cell,
Upon the greenwood tree,
And all in earth and heaven doth tell
Of sweet tranquillity.
Then ope thy lattice pane, love,
And leave thy silken bower,
And smile yet once again, love,—
It is the trysting hour.

Come forth, the stars are gleaming bright,—

 The young moon, queenly fair,

With pure, and pale, and cloudless light,

 Illumes the azure air.

The nightingale is singing near

 Its wild, sweet tale of love,

As if to charm each shining sphere,

 From its high place above.—

 Then ope thy lattice pane, love,

 And leave thy silken bower,

And smile, yet once again, love,—

 It is the trysting hour.

(7)

NORMANDY.

FROM THE FRENCH.

When Hope is on all things beaming,
And Winter is far away,
And our own sweet sky is gleaming,
With the sun's warm summer ray ;
When the swallow returns from o'er the sea,
And her robe of verdure decks the earth,
I love to roam through fair Normandy,
The country of my birth.

I have seen Helvetia's mountain plains,

Her chalets and her glaciers drear,

And bright Italia's proud domains,

And Venice, fam'd for gondolier ;

But none seem half so fair to me,

And none to be compar'd for worth

With my own, native, Normandy,

The country of my birth.

The time draws nigh when dreams will fade,

And Fancy lose her wonted sway,

And memories of the past must aid

Imagination's feeble ray ;

Then, when my muse hath lost its glee,

And ended are my songs of mirth,

I'll roam again thro' fair Normandy,

The country of my birth.

(8)

“ THOU ART GOING.”

Thou art going, thou art going,
 Laughing Summer with thy train
Of sweet flowers, no longer glowing,
 Nature woos thy stay in vain.
Thou art going, thou art going,
 All things mourn thy brightness flown,
And the river in its flowing,
 Murmurs with a sadden'd tone.

Thou art going, thou art going,
On the balmy breeze no more,
Float rich scents of thy bestowing,—
Bloom and perfume both are o'er.
Thou art going, thou art going,
In some sunnier land to dwell,
Where no harsh, cold winds are blowing—
Laughing Summer, fare-thee-well !

(9)

THE ROSE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF RONSARD.

Mark, dear girl, this faded rose,
On the dewy greensward lying ;
Morning saw its leaves uncloze,
Evening comes and finds it dying.
Thus doth loveliness decay
Sometimes in a single day.

Death, that stony-hearted thing,

Loves to steal the fairest flowers ;

Lurking with his deadly sting,

In the heart of summer bowers :

Maidens, beautiful as thou,

Have become his prey ere now.

'Tis a stern, sad homily,

That should lead thy thoughts to Heaven,

Ere the fated moments fly,

Ere the ties of earth are riven,—

So when Time's dark portals close,

Thou may'st bloom, a deathless rose.

(10)

“AWAY TO THE GREENWOOD.”



Away to the greenwood ! why tarry we here ?
To the dim, shady coverts, where coucheth the deer ;
Where tall boughs are waving, should now be our home,
Where bright flowers are springing, our footsteps should
 roam :
Soon skies will be clouded, and young leaves grow sere,
Then away to the greenwood !—why tarry we here ?

There's a charm in each glimpse of the sweet summer sky,
There's a spell in each wind that whirls wantonly by,
To chase away sadness, and while away care,
Till the spirits unburden'd, rise, buoyant as air ;—
Hark ! the bird's merry music is borne to our ear,
Oh, away to the greenwood ! why tarry we here ?

Leave the cit to his toil and his traffic all day,
To the turmoil and trouble that darken his way ;
Our senses are finer, *our* pleasures more pure,
More lasting, than aught that dull gold can procure—
Oh, Freedom's a goddess that hath no compeer—
Then away to the greenwood ! why tarry we here ?

(11)

SONG OF THE ROSE.

FROM ANACREON.

Bring roses, fresh roses, and sparkling wine,—
Love's favourite flower, round our temples twine ;
Let its leaves and sweet odours our senses beguile,
While we drink to brave Bacchus, with shout and with
 smile,
The rose is the sweetest of all sweet flowers,
Spring's darling, the pride of the Gods' own bowers ;
The son of the Paphian goddess fair
Wreaths wish fresh roses, his beautiful hair,

When he moves in the sportive dance,—then twine
Round our brows a crown of these flowers divine ;
And bring ye the lyre with rose-wreaths bound,
To measures of gladness its chords shall sound,
While we quaff the bright wine from the goblet's brim,
While we worship brave Bacchus with festal hymn,
Or lead to the dance 'neath the cypress shade,
In her blushing beauty, some dark-eyed maid.

(12)

NIGHT SONG OF THE SHIP.



O'er the white waves bounding,

Away! away!

While the winds are sounding

Their roundelay;

With exulting motion,

Onward I sweep,

Favourite of ocean,

Pride of the deep.

Trim ye my sails—guide my helm right—

Safely we'll speed thro' the dark night!

Moon and stars deny me
 Their cheering ray ;
Blasts that hurry by me
 Strive to dismay.
But triumphant ever
 I mock their wrath,
And with fresh endeavour
 Pursue my path.
Trim ye my sails—guide my helm right—
Safely we'll speed thro' the dark night !

Though the storms may waken
 Their fierce array,
And by calm forsaken,
 Mad billows play ;
Though the loud-voiced thunder
 With arrowy fire,
Rend the clouds asunder,
 Heed not its ire.—
Trim ye my sails—guide my helm right—
Safely we'll speed thro' the dark night !

Soon, the shades retreating,
Gladly will rise
With its wonted greeting,
The land ye prize.
Soon will fond eyes brighten,
Sad hearts be gay,
When the sun doth lighten,
The well known bay.—
Trim ye my sails—guide my helm right—
Safely we'll speed thro' the dark night !

THE RETURN OF THE SWISS CRUSADERS.

“ From the far clime of battle and of song,
With glorious memories and unstain'd renown,
Our sons return.”

ANON.

We come, we come, oh, smiling home,
Our weary exile o'er ;
With our vassal bands from far-off lands,
We come, we come once more.
From the clime of the vanquish'd Moslemite,
Where the red-cross flag waves free,
We have sped thro' danger, and toil, and strife,
O'er the waves of a stormy sea.

We come, oh, ye bright and laughing streams,
So lov'd in our early morning dreams,

We come ye eternal hills !

Hail ! to your glens and forest's hoar,
Where our feet were wont to bound of yore,
To the music of your rills.

Full oft hath the Paynim foeman quail'd

At the flashing of our brands ;

They have shone in the fight, like beams of light,

Mid our noble Alpine bands.

All spotless are our banners' folds

That on the winds are thrown ;

High names and haughty do they bear,

Meet for our old renown.

Stainless and free, our warfare o'er,

To our mountain homes we come once more,

To the snows of our eagle land !

Oh ! ye green valleys and forest glades,

Will ye not welcome us to your shades—

The Alpine warrior band ?

SONNET.

SUPPOSED TO BE FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF A PERSON OF UNSETTLED
RELIGIOUS OPINIONS.

Shadows of incommunicable thought,
Beset me round ;—as one who darkly strays
Through some deep forest's labyrinthine maze,
Far from the goal I long have vainly sought,
And powerless to direct my steps aright,
I wander on ;—no guiding ray appears,
While mind-disturbing phantasies and fears
Throng o'er my brain, like visions of the night,
Burden'd with terror ; wild forebodings spring
Fiercely to life, and doubts, like ambush'd snakes,
Start from distemper'd reason's noisome brakes,
And goad to madness with their torturing.—
Is there no hope, no refuge but the grave ?—
Oh, God ! behold me now, and hear, and guide, and
save !

FRAGMENT.

Seest thou her cheek,
How fitfully the faint hue of the rose
Steals o'er its paleness ; she is looking forth,
With earnest gaze upon the sunset heaven,
And there is rapture in her kindling glance
Mingled with yearning for that far-off world
Where her thoughts wander.—Look upon her now,
She is too beautiful for earth, too pure
To breathe this lower air ; her spirit pines
For communing with Heaven, and not in vain,
For Death is busy there, and he hath set
His signet on that young, unwritten brow,
And mark'd her for his own ! Mourn not her fate,
This is no fit abiding-place for her
So innocent, so free from earthly taint ;—
Rather rejoice that she is journeying hence,
A happy pilgrim to the better land,
Which is her home.

SONNET.

SUGGESTED BY THE "BOOK OF GEMS."

Yes! these indeed are gems, eternal gems,
Pluck'd from the deep, and glorious mine of thought;
These have not glitter'd in the diadems
Of sceptred emperors, nor were they brought
From some far island of the Indian deep;
In lonely musings their bright wealth was sought,
In intercourse with Nature, who doth keep
Rich stores of every sweet imagining;
In vigils, when the midnight moon look'd down,
(Herself the peerless jewel of night's crown)
Did Poesy this beauteous chaplet string.
Grow pale, thou crimson ruby!—dimly shine,
'Thou starry diamond! such poor gauds can fling
No radiance like the gems, this casket doth enshrine.

CUPID AND THE BEE.

FROM ANACREON.

Cupid, in his bower reclining,
Knew not that a bee was near,
Till his hand, the flowers entwining,
Felt the sting it planted there.

Then the tiny God, upstarting,
Sought his mother, wild with pain;
All his fear and grief imparting,
While the tear-drops fell like rain.

“ Mother ! I am wounded,—dying ! ”

Whined the urchin piteously ;

“ Stung alas ! while yonder lying,

By a little spiteful bee.”

“ If such pain,” replied his mother,

“ In a bee’s small sting be found,

Think, my son, what they must suffer

Whom thy sharper arrows wound.”

INVOCATION.

I summon thee, I summon thee,
From thy home, sweet spirit of Poesy !
Whether it be in the azure air,
'Mid the clouds that float in their beauty there ;
In the lonely glen, or the greenwood bower,
With the laughing sunbeam, or blushing flower ;
Or far away on thy own lov'd mountain,
By the waves of the bright Castalian fountain,
I summon thee, I summon thee,
To do my bidding, sweet Poesy !

Come, and awake with thy touch of fire,
The tones that slumber upon my lyre ;

Guide thou my fingers the chords along,
Rouse with thy presence the voice of song ;
Aid me a tribute of love to pay,
A votive garland of many a lay !

I summon thee, I summon thee,
To do my bidding, sweet Poesy !
Fain would I win (love's dearest prize),
Glances of pleasure from gentle eyes ;—
Weave thou the spells of thy mystic art,
A magic charm to each verse impart,
And love's best benison shall be
Thy guerdon, divinest Poesy !

THE EXILE'S FAREWELL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

Farewell my pleasant home,
Farewell dear native land,
In sorrow I must roam,
An exile from thy strand.

Sweet ties attach me here,
To each mountain and green field;
The scenes, to memory dear,
What foreign earth can yield?

I shall seek in vain the shore
Where I sat in childhood's hours ;
The meadows, where of yore,
I cull'd the first spring flowers.

The vales and pastures lone,
Where my bounding footsteps stray'd,
When joy was all my own,
And life in smiles array'd.

Land of my sunny youth,
When Fancy's dreams held sway,
And in the garb of truth,
Hope dress'd her visions gay !

Though Hope has now grown dim,
And Fancy's sun has set,
While life yet throbs within,
Think not I can forget.

Farewell! dear land again,
An exile's lot is mine,
But all I love remain,
And my heart shall still be thine.

EPITAPH FROM THE FRENCH OF PIRON.

Here lies Sir Anthony—lead, cased in lead,
Who wrote a book, no mortal ever read;
His death, he boasted he should long survive—
Alas! the poor man died—*while yet alive!*

LINES SUGGESTED BY A DRAWING OF
TURNBERRY CASTLE.*

Old ruin, that above the foaming surge
Standest, begirt with storms, though Time has stolen
Thy once proud strength away, and with the dust,
Levell'd thy lofty battlements,—though now
Within thy courts the rank, wild grass is growing,
And desolate echoes have usurp'd the sounds
Of harp and festal song, a mightier charm
Hangs round the wreck of thy magnificence,
Than graced it in the palmy days of old.
Halls of De Bruce, whence from its ashes rose
The phoenix Liberty, and spread abroad,
Its joy-plumed pinion o'er the rescued land,—
Birth-place of him, who staunch and true of heart,

* The birth-place of Bruce.

.

Battled with tyranny, and from the grasp
Of England's usurpation, boldly pluck'd
The circlet of his nation's sovereignty ;—
Cradle of patriotism ! heroic deeds,
And deathless memories, and a people's love,
Have set their seal upon thy rifted walls,
And hallow'd them for ever ! To all time,
Thy name, with his, who made thee what thou art,
Shall be a watchword, rousing to high deeds
The spirits of the brave.—Tyrants shall blench
When thou art named, and aged men shall pay
A tribute, in their children's reverence.
Then rear thy head, old ruin, haughtily,
Above the foaming surge ! thou may'st defy
The very lightning as it dashes down
Thy crumbling fragments.—Time may undermine,
The storm may ravage, but when every stone
Is swept from its foundation, thou wilt leave
Behind thee, in the minds of noble men,
A memory, neither storm nor time shall rase.

PAST AND PRESENT.

" The Present is a mirror that reflects
The shadows, or the brightness of the Past,
Its falsehood, or its truth, its good, or evil."

TIME'S SYNOD.

Pr'ythee dear Helen, let me see thee smile !
Thy brow of late hath ever been o'ercast,
As if the presence of some inward grief
Were shadow'd there.—Now would I give the world,
Were the world mine, with all its bravery,
To win the sunshine back to that dear face !
Come, let us forth, this gentle summer's eve—
Thou canst not gaze on the fair face of heaven,
All glowing with the sun's last golden smile;
Thou canst not breathe the mild, and balmy air,

Whereon the flowers have shed their odorous sighs ;
Thou canst not tread the green, and dewy turf,
Nor listen to the bird's last vesper song,
And not feel cheer'd by their glad influences.
Come, gentle cousin, Nature woos thee forth,
And will not be refused ;—see, how she points
With rosy finger, to yon bowery wood,
Our favourite play-place in the days of yore ;—
Have you forgotten all its flowery nooks,
Those still, sweet places, where we used to sit
At eventide, poring with earnest eyes
Over some wondrous page of gramarye ;—
And when the shadows deepen'd, and the book,
Perforce, was closed, how we scarce dared to look
Around us, as we stole with stealthy step,
And timid silence, to our home again.—
Have you forgotten this ? Oh, no ! that smile
Is bright with sunny memories of the past,
Those gentle memories, garner'd in the heart,
Like gems in the deep places of the earth,—

But see! Time chides our stay—your hand sweet friend,—
 Nay, nay, forget the present, let us be
 Children once more!

.
 Now let us sit upon this flowery bank,
 And rest awhile; the violet's faint perfume
 Floats on the air, and yonder gentle stream,
 Murmurs its welcome as it rolls along.—
 How lovingly it laves its mossy banks,
 And kisses the sweet flowers, that rise and fall,
 Stirr'd by its tremulous motion, like the gems
 That lie upon young beauty's heaving breast!—
 Now will I cull those lilies for a wreath,
 To deck thy brow, dear Helen, they will form
 A coronet more rich than Indian queen's—
 Besides, they are an emblem of true love—
 Nay, do not blush, and turn your head aside,
 'Tis no vain fable!—Is not true love pure,
 And beautiful, and constant? Not less pure,
 Less fair, is that white flower, that like a star,

Shines in thy clustering tresses ;—constant too,
For on the bosom of the self-same stream
It resteth ever, whether sunshine smile
On the clear waters, or dark winter frown,
And when by pityless hands 'tis torn away
From its abiding place, doth it not lose
Its snowy hues, and its sweet scents, and die ?
My peerless Helen ! would I were that stream,
So thou wert the white lily on my breast !
Aye, now you frown, and rob me of the hand,
The little hand that once was all my own —
Do you remember how 'twas clasp'd in mine
When first we parted, and the tears we shed ?—
There was no cold, dark veil between us then,
When we were wont to say we loved each other
Better than any in the whole wide world !—
Helen, there is no change in this true heart—
I have not turn'd from my first love aside ;
They were false friends, dear girl, who told thee so ;
Thou hast been ever with me, like a star,

Lighting my path, when all around was dark.
 Shall I repeat those words of "auld lang syne,"
 And tell thee, dear one, that I love thee still,
 Better than any in the whole, wide world!
 Speak to me!—tell me that my heart's best wealth,
 Its warm affections, its confiding hopes,
 Have not been given in vain—oh, speak to me!

.

. Now blessings on that smile!

Those whisper'd words, those warm tears falling fast,
 This hand restored;—Flow on, thou merry stream,
 I envy thee no longer, on my breast
 I bear the blushing lily I have sigh'd
 So long to win—my life's best, holiest hope,
 Is realized!

BATTLE PRAYER.*

“ E'en in the thickest press
Of the hot battle, where red spears were flashing,
And knightly helms were trampled in the dust,
Amid the trumpet's blast, the clash of weapons,
The echoing war-cry, and the steed's wild neigh,
His voice arose in prayer.”

DON CARLOS.

Father ! on thee I call—
The cannon booms—the smoke-wreath curls around ;
Fiercely the death-shots plough the ensanguin'd ground,
Lord of Sabaoth ! in the mortal fight,
Guide thou mine arm aright !

* The first verses translated from Körner.

Thou art the warrior's shield,
The warrior's trust—whate'er be thy decree,
Triumph or death, I bow submissively ;
In the wild raging of this perilous hour,
My spirit owns thy power !

Art thou not present here ?
Yes—in each varying scene, both soft and stern,
Thy providence I trace, thy hand discern,
And from the peaceful vale, or battle-sod,
I bless thee, oh, my God !

All power, all might is thine,
Omnipotent ! if so thy will ordain,
The boon thou gav'st, thou may'st recall again ;
But still, in life, or death, defeat, or fame,
My voice shall praise thy name.

Arise ! oh, Lord, arise !

And aid our cause—not for the pride of kings,

Nor lust of gold, but for all holy things,

Altars, and hearths and homes, our swords are bared,

Arise ! be thou our guard !

Exert thine awful sway !—

Nerve the weak arm, and to the sinking heart,

Ennobling zeal, sustaining strength impart ;—

Creator, Guardian, Father, Lord of all,

On thee, on thee, I call !

A SONG OF SPRING.

“ Then came the lusty Spring, all dight in flowres,
That freshly budded and new bloomes did beare,
In which a thousand birds had built their bowres,
That sweetly sing.”

FAERIE QUEEN.

A song for the jocund spring,
A song for the bright-vein'd flowers,
A song for the freedom of beauty's train,
From the thrall of the wintry hours.

A song in the greenwood shade,
A song in the sunny air,
A song of free, triumphant joy,
For the advent of all things fair.

Over the wakening earth,
Wood, meadow, mountain lone,
The spirit of life unseen hath pass'd,
And her veil of verdure thrown.

She hath call'd each wanderer back,
And her presence, like a spell,
Hath summon'd her subject blossoms forth,
Each from its secret cell.

The dewy primrose stars
In the shadowy grass are shining,
The honeysuckle, round the thorn,
Its tendrils green is twining.

The purple fox-glove rears
Its bells 'mid the branching fern ;
Again its wonted sweetness breathes
From the white vale-lily's urn.

And the violet's odour floats

Like a cloud of incense round,

While merrily hums the wandering bee

Where the wild thyme strews the ground.

A song for the jocund spring,

A song for its wild, sweet strains,—

For the glad, resounding melodies

That thrill thro' its green domains.

Hark! from yon old oak bough,

The merle its lay is trilling,

And a thousand notes are heard afar,

The air with music filling.

A thousand notes of joy,

That mingle with the low,

Melodious murmur of the wind,

And the river's rippling flow.

Bright wings are flitting past,
As of spirits from fairy land,
Gleaming with colours more glorious far
Than glow 'neath the painter's hand.

The May-fly by the stream,
Sports in the sunny light ;
The dragon-fly darts rustling by
In its swift and arrowy flight.

And when evening's shades descend,
And the stars their vigil keep,
The droning beetle and dappled moth
Awake from their torpid sleep.

A song for the year's bright youth,
For that gay, rejoicing time,
When nature is fraught with a dearer charm
Than in summer's golden prime.

When loveliness looks forth
From each nook in the laughing land,
And Hope and Gladness walk the earth,
Twin genii, hand in hand.

When a tear, but not of grief,
Is seen in the old man's eye,
As with grateful heart he gazes round,
And thinks of the days gone by.

And again the voice is heard
Of the child in its merry play,
Chasing the bee and the butterfly
Thro' meadow and wood away.

A song for the jocund spring,
For its mirth-imparting hours,
And its memories of those pleasant times
When *life* was wreath'd with flowers.

A song for the jocund spring,
For its thoughts and fancies rare—
A song of free, triumphant joy,
For the advent of all things fair.

LAST WORDS.

“ Come to me when my soul
Hath but a few dim hours to linger here ;
When earthly chains are as a shrivelled scroll,
Oh ! let me feel thy presence !—be but near !

“ That I may look once more,
Into thine eyes that never changed for me ;
That I may speak to thee of that bright shore,
Where, with our treasures, we have yearned to be.”

Come to me, sweetest sister ! let me gaze
Once more on that dear face, ere sight desert
These dim, fast failing eyes, and feel again,
For the last time, the pressure of thine hand,
That with its gentle firmness hath sustain'd
My drooping head so oft !
. Thy cheek is pale
My constant friend, far paler than of old,

And lonely watching thro' the long night hours,
By a sick brother's bed, with nought to cheer,
Save thine own true affection, and a hope
Too faint to live, has left its pallid trace
Upon the once pure whiteness of thy brow.
Where is the light, my sister, that was wont
To shine from those soft eyes in days gone by?
And the quick joyous tones that made thy voice
So like a bird's in sweetness!—Both are gone!
Both offered up with many a precious gift,
Ne'er to be won again—unbroken health,
Youth's freshness, and its store of buoyant hopes,
On the pure altar of a sister's love!
My blessed one! I may not hope to pay
The mighty debt—oh! thou hast been to me
Friend, parent, all! with an untiring love
Guiding, consoling, soothing, and when pain
Hath wrung from my rude lips reproachful words,
Seeking with all thy gentle eloquence,
And meek imploring looks, to win me back

To the true path again.—This hast thou done,
This been, my own true sister, but the time
Of parting is at hand, and I must bid
A last fond farewell to the only tie
That binds me still to earth.—Nay, do not weep,
Dear one,—to me the thought hath nought but joy ;
I am as one, who, having long endured
Captivity and chains, till his worn heart
Has sicken'd with vain longings, looks on Death,
Not fearfully, but with a welcoming smile.—
Weep not for me ! soon, soon the weary one
Will be at rest, his throbbing pulses stilled,
His spirit free.—E'en now methinks I hear
Sounds that are not of earth, the solemn tones
Of our home's parted band, that seem to call
Their child away.—Oh ! do not mourn beloved,
Too long and bitterly when I am gone,
And doubt not we shall meet in that bright world,
Beyond the grave.—Again those angel sounds,
Float on the air, like melodies of home,

Faint, yet how sweet—The world is growing dim—
I see but thee, my sister—I but feel
Thy tears upon my face—Hark! 'twas *her* voice,
Our mother's—heard you not its murmur'd tones?—
It summons me!—sister, one parting kiss—
Farewell! farewell!

TO —————

—————

Methinks I see you frown—oh ! do not throw
A shadow o'er the sunshine of that brow—
Nought should be mirror'd on its sweet expanse,
Save the heart's peace, its fairness to enhance ;
Who doth not mourn to see dull storm-clouds driven,
O'er the clear azure of the summer heaven—
To see the gloomy darkness sadly fall
On the spring-landscape, like a funeral pall—
Oh ! rather smile, although it be in scorn ;
If fair the rose, I will not heed the thorn,
And were I near, to watch thy features' play,
And catch the radiance, as it flits away,
Though in disdain, that smile would ever be
A treasured thought, a golden memory !

Lady! I do not write in joyous vein,
'Tis no light task to pen a farewell strain,
And yet it must be so—I do not dare
Persist in this my folly, but if e'er
A wish were breathed, whose purity might plead
For kind forgiveness of an erring deed,
That wish is mine,—that happiness may throw
Its light around thy path and never know
Eclipse or change--that bright hopes may be thine,
And sweetest fancies, jewels from the mine
Of youth's imaginings, that most beseech
The freshness of the spirit's morning dream.
And oh! when youth and these have both departed,
May gentle friends, the tender, and true-hearted,
Cling to thee (happy ones) with answering love,
And fond affection, that no change can move.
But this is vain! the present is too fair
For thoughts of the far future—when the air
Breathes of the perfume of Spring's fairest flowers,
And dew-drops glisten in the wood's green bowers ;

When nature thrills with song and the blue sky
Looks down with smiles upon its pageantry,
Why should we fix our thoughts upon the day,
When all these beauteous things must pass away !
One prayer at parting—may thy spring-time be
As beautiful as Nature's, and as free—
And may its brightness tarry with thee long,
Its flowers, its scents, its sunshine, and its song !

STANZAS.

'Tis sweet to gaze upon the unveiled brow
Of the dark midnight, radiantly arrayed,
Or listen to the waters in their flow
Thro' the deep masses of the forest shade ;
Or on the lake's most silent bosom, made
A silvery mirror by the virgin moon,
Calmly to float, by contemplation swayed,
Thro' scenes, far fairer than the gaudy noon
Yields with her rainbow hues that pass away so soon.

'Tis sweet to see our native land arise
Midway from ocean, like a white sea-bird,
And meet kind glances from loved, gentle eyes,
And welcomes, from soft tones so often heard :
To wander o'er the verdant hills which gird
Our childhood's home, not all companionless,
Winning bright smiles with many a whisper'd word,
Swearing whate'er betide to love no less
Than then, devotedly, for ever, to excess !

'Tis sweet to read the page of classic lore
To learn how armies fought, and heroes bled,
To free their country from the chain it bore
And win proud laurels for each patriot head ;
Or be by wandering Fancy gaily led
Thro' all the rich dominions of Romance,
And view the phantoms of the glorious dead
Rise from their graves and mingle in the dance,
Or woo their ladye-love with shining sword and lance.

'Tis sweet to watch the sunny, joy-lit eye
Of happy childhood, and the cloudless brow,
The heart that ne'er hath tasted misery,
The merriment, uncheck'd in its quick flow :
These tell us, in a whisper, soft and low,
Glad tales of our own wayward infancy,
When grief was not an habitant as now,
When we were careless, fearless, and as free,
As the wild forest bird, that springs from tree to tree.

"I MAY NOT LINGER HERE."



I may not linger here !

I have a loved and distant home

Far o'er the wide Atlantic's foam

And true hearts there abide ;

Perchance e'en now my mother's eye

Is dimmed with tears of misery

For one who was her pride :—

Then gaze not thou so steadfastly

Sweet friend—our parting hour is nigh—

I may not linger here !

Your skies have deeper blue than ours,

More rich the odour of your flowers,

But still I may not stay,

I hear sweet voices in my dreams,
That call me from your thousand streams,
To my own land away,
Then let not thy bright witchery
Chain my young spirit here to die—
Let me not linger here !

I know that thou art fairer far
Than our own simple maidens are,
But I can ne'er forget
That there is one young heart will break
With mourning for the false one's sake—
Oh ! must I linger yet,
And doom her to so dark a fate,
Her sunny life made desolate,
Bid me depart !
And after years shall ne'er efface
Of thy high-mindedness the trace
But tell how dear thou art !

TO MARGARET.

“Why Love himself
Doth kneel in worship at her beauty's shrine,—
How shouldst *thou* 'scape uncaptured?”

THE PEARL OF FLORENCE.

Last night, I had a pleasant dream—
Methought on a green bank I lay,
Watching the bright sunbeams play
On the bosom of a stream ;
All the air was fill'd with sound,
All rich odours floated round ;
Beauty peer'd with smiling face,
From each nook in that sweet place—
Had'st *thou* been there,
With thy form of fawn-like grace,
’Twould have been a scene as fair,
As Boccaccio's gardens were.

Rapidly the sunny hours
 Hurried onward in their flight ;
 Fainter grew the golden light
In those leaf-enwoven bowers—
When adown the rippling river,
Arm'd with arrow, bow, and quiver
Floating in a wreath'd shell
Came a sprite I knew too well—
 Hadst thou been by,
To have seen what there befell,
 Mirth and wonder in thine eye
 Would have fought for mastery.

When the urchin reach'd the bank
 Where conceal'd in shade I lay,
 Down, the fairy bark straightway
Through the pearly waters sank,
While, with weapons round him slung,
Forth the tiny archer sprung,

And away was hurrying,
When I pluck'd him by the wing ;
 Hadst thou been there,
To have seen the startled thing,
 His dismay for ever after,
 Would have been a theme for laughter.

As he twisted to and fro,
 Pale with fright, and weeping sore,
 He protested, o'er and o'er,
That if I would let him go,
With a secret he'd reward me,
Some strong spell that aye would guard me,
So that from that happy hour,
I should never dread love's power. —
 Hadst *thou* been there,
'Twould have made the urchin cower,
 Ere he trusted to my care
 What might free me from thy snare.

But at last when weary grown,
I agreed to set him free,
If he would confess to me,
The name of her, that fairest one,
In whose breast confidingly,
The little sprite most lov'd to lie ;
O'erjoy'd at this, without delay,
Whisp'ring the name, he tripp'd away.

Hadst thou been by,
To have heard the cunning fay,
I can guess thy soft blue eye
Would have flash'd triumphantly.

'Twas a name thou'lt ne'er forget,—
Ev'n thine own, fair Margaret !

PRAYER.

PARAPHRASED FROM DETACHED PORTIONS OF THE PSALMS.

Great God ! hear thou my prayer !
Thy righteous wrath forbear,
My pride is bow'd beneath thy chastening rod ;
Behold with pitying eye,
My ceaseless agony—
Though great my sin, forsake me not, oh God !

Oh, let thy grace impart
Strength to a contrite heart,
Bleeding and faint, it sinks beneath its load ;
Trembling, and sore dismay'd
I call on thee for aid.—
Incline thine ear unto my prayer, oh God !

Let not thine anger burn
Till dust to dust return,
Look down in mercy from thy dread abode !
Dispel the clouds that roll
Like billows o'er my soul,—
Scatter the darkness with thy light, oh God !

Teach me no more to stray
From thine appointed way,
Fain would I journey in the narrow road,
But snares beset me round,
And deadly fears abound,
Then hear me, aid me, strengthen me, oh God !

THE EMIGRANT'S BRIDE.

OCCASIONED BY A SCENE IN REAL LIFE.

" From the home of childhood's glee,
From the days of laughter free,
From the love of many years,
Thou art gone to cares and fears ;
To another path and guide,
To a bosom, yet untried !
Bright one ! oh ! there well may be
Trembling midst our joy for thee !"

THE BRIDAL DAY.

She is going !
Gaze thy last on that sweet face, fond mother,
Soon will distance make love's yearning vain ;
Press thy quivering lip to her's young brother,
Thou wilt never feel its thrill again.

Other ties, and other hopes have won her,
From the love that lit her earlier day ;
Let your blessing, sad ones, rest upon her,
She will need it in her onward way.
Care will soon weigh down her spirit's lightness,
And her hours of happy calm be few ;
Soon those eyes will lose their wonted brightness,
And that fair, soft cheek, its healthful hue.
Sickness, strife, each varying ill attendeth,
Wheresoe'er the alien's footsteps range ;
Pure indeed must be the love that lendeth
Strength to brave so perilous a change.

She is going!
Sadly, weepingly, she gazes round her,
Wild her glances—wandering to and fro ;
With its thousand links, the chain hath bound her
Of sweet memories, foster'd long ago.
Though resolv'd, she finds it hard to sever
From the endearing charities of home,

To exchange her childhood's scenes for ever,
For stern exile o'er the ocean's foam.
Must those sorrowing friends no more behold her?
Can it be, that hope indeed is vain?
Yes! their circling arms will ne'er enfold her
In their fond and fervent clasp again.
At that mournful consciousness she starteth,
With emotions, words are vain to tell;
Love still leads her on, yet love imparteth
Bitterest anguish to her last farewell.

SONG OF TRIUMPH.

“ The glorious spears of war
Gleam o’er the calm blue wave ;
Voices and lutes afar,
Sing pœans to the brave ;
Cittern, and lyre, and trumpet strain,
Breathe of the red victorious plain !”

SWAIN.

They are coming, they are coming,
Along the flower-strewn way,
With trumpet-notes, and dancing plumes,
And fluttering pennons gay.
With the heavy tramp of barded steeds,
And the clash of shield and spear,
And the shouts of gathering multitudes,
Loud echoing far and near.

They are coming, they are coming,
With the spoils of many a fight,
With many a hostile standard ta'en,
And many a captive knight;
They have swept the oppressor from the land,
They have rent away the chain,—
Swell high the song of victory
To the sunny skies again!

They are coming, they are coming,
And from her lattice high,
The maiden on their serried ranks
Looks forth with anxious eye;
The mother watches earnestly
Her son's fair face to greet,
And wives and aged sires rush forth
Into the crowded street.

They are coming, they are coming,
The banquet board array—

Wreath garlands of all glorious flowers,
To deck your halls to day.
Let the lyre's exulting tones be heard,
And let the red wine foam,
And beauty's brightest smiles be given
To hail the conquerors home.

They are coming, they are coming,—
Wave! all ye banners, wave!—
The warrior of a hundred fields,
The loyal, and the brave ;
The young, the loved of many hearts,
A proud, triumphant train ;—
Swell high the song of victory
To the sunny skies again !

THE END

ERRATA.

- Page 25 line 6—For “form” read “from.”
,, 42 ,, 8—For “volive” read “votive.”
,, 47 ,, 6—For “comest” read “camest.”
,, 56 ,, 6—For “in” read “is.”

Wreath garlands of all glorious flowers,
To deck your halls to day.
Let the lyre's exulting tones be heard,
And let the red wine foam,

Swell high the song of victory
To the sunny skies again !

THE END

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